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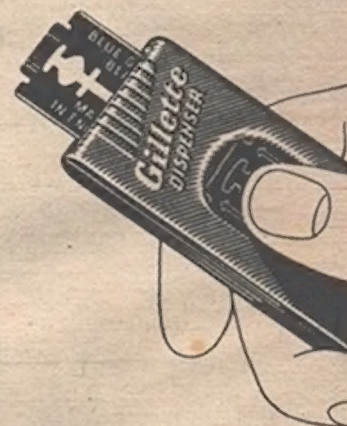
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New Elizabethan Age

THE FIRST Queen Elizabeth came to the throne at a time of destiny. The future could have taken either of two ways. We could have knuckled under to the Spanish world power instead of championing liberty against all tyrants, and gaining wealth and glory.

The Queen then rallied the nation, which was at first neither strong nor united in purpose, and inspired its future course.

Now, at another time of destiny, Elizabeth II has mounted the throne. If we are still of the same mettle as those first Elizabethans, there can be another great rally in the Second Elizabethan Age.

The omens are good. Britain loves a Queen. Not only under Elizabeth I but under Anne and Victoria we did great things.

In the reign of Queen Anne our historic rôle as the champion of freedom was confirmed. We then led the Europeans against a new tyrant—Louis XIV of France. It was British soldiers, British gold and our great General Marlborough which blocked the "Sun King's" ambitions.

AGAIN, in the long reign of Victoria, Britain led the whole world towards a new level of civilization and prosperity.

"Those were great days—it's different now," it may be said. "Our enemies are not kings, emperors and armies. We cannot meet them bravely in the shock of battle. Instead, they are dreary abstractions like the 'balance of overseas payments.'"

True—but the same British qualities, inspired and expressed by the same symbol, can meet and defeat the new enemies in the modern world.

THAT is why the new Elizabethan Age can become one of astonishing progress, rather than of decline and frustration under the new tyrant we call Economics.

Once again we have on our throne a personality to suit the Age

—a Queen who is a story-book embodiment of the virtues this nation needs to surmount its difficulties.

She is gay, pretty and popular—and those qualities give her power over the people's hearts.

Even more important, she is a devoted wife and mother who symbolizes the loyalty, steadiness and endurance which all of us have to show, whatever our disagreements, if we are to build a fine and enduring future.

If that were all there was to be said about Elizabeth II, perhaps it would be fulsome to suggest that she could seriously influence her country's fate.

BUT it is not all. She has been trained to be Queen in the stern, industrious school of her family's tradition.

Statesmen and scholars have laboured to fit her for responsibility, and we know enough of her response to admire it. She is her father's daughter—and there was no more conscientious monarch than George VI, the man who did not want to be King.

He set himself to master the complex subject-matter of government. His conversations with his ministers were not formalities, tedious and useless on both sides, but constructive planning within the limits of the Constitution.

ELIZABETH, too, knows her job and can be relied on to do it thoroughly. At first, of course, we must not expect too much. No young woman with a husband and two small children can give the concentrated attention to statecraft possible to a middle-aged man.

But the human material is there—in a Queen who expresses through her own personality the spirit of this modern age. Her husband is a worthy Consort, a man of his generation, tempered in war and peace.

Under these two we now embark on a reign which—if we exert ourselves—can surely take its true place in the great tradition of the Ages of the earlier British Queens.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

ARTIST Fred Laurent is a Belgian who settled in England after serving in the Commandos during the war. When his wife went into hospital recently, his mother came from Brussels to look after the house. A stickler for cleanliness, she insisted that all must wipe their feet on wet days—and saw that the dog did, too. Laurent's daughter, Monica, was most impressed and has led her pet a dog's life ever since.



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FREE SPEECH

The low cost of living happily

AS ONE WHO HAS experienced living on widely varying incomes, perhaps I can answer the question raised by the Essex vicar ("Free Speech," February 2) as to what it costs to live happily. In the early 1930s, with a wife and one child, I had to live on £4 a week, which rose to £1,000 a year just before the war. I came back from war service to £8 a week—and four children.

The reasonably paid working man is more contented than the high-salaried man. He has to pay for what he buys, whereas the wealthier man can run accounts and incur debts, emerging into the nightmare of a higher standard of living than his income permits.—A. SMITH, New House, Stumps Farm, Bosham, Chichester, Sussex.

... My income is about £1,500 a year but I am unable to make ends meet. The crux is not money but commitments. Our two children were educated at public schools, we have been forced by my husband's work to live apart at far greater cost than if we could have been together, and our way of life demands entertaining, at our own expense.—SAILOR'S WIFE, Fife.

... My farmworker husband and I have three children and an income of £5 10s. a week, with a little more as seasonal work comes along. We have a comfortable home and are all well-fed, well-clothed and healthy. We seldom go to films or any entertainments which cost money. Not very exciting, some may think, but we are among the happiest families in the world.—MRS. C. PARKER, Ashwell, Oakham, Rutland.

Sailed With Captain Dan

DURING THE SEASON 1946-47, I served as second engineer in *Turmoil*, the tug which made the dramatic attempt to salvage *Flying Enterprise*, and I was delighted to read Christopher Miller's



article on Captain Dan Parker (JOHN BULL, January 26). I was in *Turmoil* under the command of Captain Parker during rescue of Robert H. Harrison, seen in the background in the enclosed snapshot of Captain Parker on the bridge of *Turmoil* during the rescue operations. With such men as he, Britain's predominance in deep sea rescue work is secure.—E. R. BILLOWES, Strachur, Argyll.

Learning And Earning

LAST JULY, I left school at the age of sixteen, after passing the general certificate of education in six subjects. I now earn £2 10s. a week and pay 10s. a week travelling to a job I like

doing. Recently, my friend left school at fifteen and started work, having taken no examinations of any kind. He is already earning 15s. a week more than I, working the same number of hours. I do not think this offers much encouragement to parents to keep their children at school for an extra year.—L. D., London, W.3.

Anonymous £5 Mystery

JUST DELIVERED TO ME: a registered letter, addressed with heavily disguised writing and nothing on the back of the envelope. Inside I was astonished to find £5 and a short note written in block letters, which said: "The enclosed is a gift sent in gratitude for a good turn done in the past, which is never forgotten." There was no signature and I am still racking my brain to try to remember the good turn.—P. W. STEGGLES, 37 George Street, Brandon, Suffolk.

Baby's Bottle Puppy

MAY I join in the controversy over the age at which a puppy can be separated from its mother ("Free Speech," January 26—February 16)? I enclose a snapshot of our Yellow Labrador which was reared on a baby's bottle from six days old. He is now just over two years old and has had no serious complaints.—G. W. BICKERTON, Yew Tree Cottage, Nether Whitacre, near Coleshill, Warwickshire.



The Soundless Singers

IN CHURCH, I often wonder why so many members of the congregation stand with their hymn books open during the singing but do not utter a sound. When I was in a country church where the congregation really sang, I was astonished at the inspiring volume of sound which came from behind me as we rose for the opening psalm.—MISS M. W., Belfast.

Better Kind Of Marriage

FOR five years, I have been assistant to Dr. David Mace, one of the founders of the Marriage Guidance Council, and I read Don Everitt's articles on divorce (JOHN BULL, January 19-February 2) with much appreciation. One factor he omitted was the lengthening period that children are dependent on their parents, through the later school-leaving age. I have four young children and I think this factor is very relevant both to the need for stable marriages and to the strain imposed upon the breadwinner. Perhaps we tend to assume too readily that marriages were happier or more stable in the past. Much of the modern divorce problem may come, not so much from moral deterioration, as from an effort to get through to a better kind of marriage and family life.—WILLIAM B. DAVEY, 31 Warrington Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

Brunei's White Children

HARRY HOPKINS's articles on British Borneo (JOHN BULL, February 2-16), brought back memories of the time when my sister and I, aged two and three, were taken there by our parents in 1899. My father had charge of a coal mine and brick works. He took us over to Brunei, where we were the first white children the natives had ever seen.—MRS. A. CHARLTON, 1 Loudon Street, West Harton, South Shields, Durham.

Steel That Is Wasted

SHORTAGE OF STEEL, we are told, may lead to unemployment but the collection of scrap still seems to be treated in a haphazard manner. I have walked round works and seen old machinery dumped and forgotten. I have tried in vain to have an old car chassis collected

from my garden. In my district there are still some steel indoor shelters awaiting collection. What is needed is a well-organized drive for scrap, such as in wartime, when even iron railings were cut down.—P. REEVE, St. Ives, Spencer Road, Thornhill, Southampton.

Made To Feel A Failure

I AGREE WITH THE HEADMISTRESS who wrote that children should not be made to feel failures if they do not pass the examination for a grammar school ("Free Speech," January 26). From the moment my own child entered school, she was reminded by the teachers that grammar school was the goal. When she failed, she locked herself in her room and sobbed for hours. Now that she is at a secondary modern school, she is often told, "No wonder you did not pass into a grammar school." A local schoolmaster told me that he was having his own children specially coached and would feel humiliated if they did not get through the examination. And the vicar stopped me and expressed his deepest sympathy at my child's failure.—PARENT, Essex.

Actress On A Pedestal

ELEANOR HARRIS's article "Miracle of Susan Peters" (JOHN BULL, February 2) was refreshingly different from the usual sordid story of infidelity and selfishness which forms the background to so many Hollywood characters. In this story of the star who was crippled by an accident, then made her comeback from a wheelchair, there is both pathos and sheer courage. It comes fresh and clean, giving me the hope that there is at least one actress who, on and off the screen, can be held in high esteem.—L/CPL. J. CURSON, R.E., Block 7, B Squadron, School of Military Survey, Hermitage, near Newbury, Berks.

Imagination Beaten

READING FICTION STORIES, I usually form my own mind pictures. But I could imagine nothing so starkly real as William Little's ragamuffin street band illustrating Margery Allingham's *Tiger In The Smoke* (JOHN BULL, February 2). It brought the whole



William Little's ragamuffins

fantastic scene to life and I found myself turning to it again and again.—LILIAN E. SEXTON, 31 Bolton Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

... Did Margery Allingham take the name of her central character, Martin Elginbrodde, from the well-known epitaph:

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod,
Ha' mercy on my soul, Lord God.
As I would do were I Lord God,
And Ye were Martin Elginbrod.
—H. HARDMAN, 15 Benson Street, Bury, Lancs.

"Yes," says Margery Allingham. "I thought the name appropriate for my character, who like the other Elginbrod, was known as a dead man."

This week's instalment of "Tiger In The Smoke" begins on page 14.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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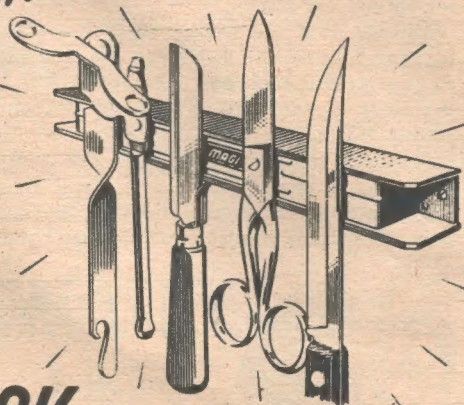
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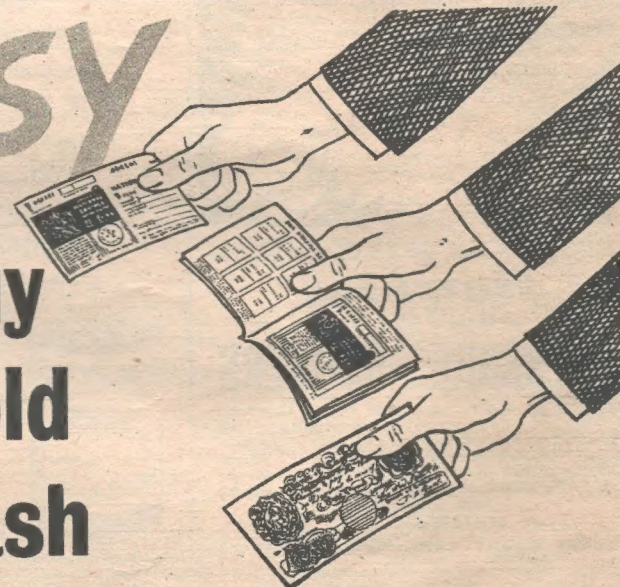
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The Scot lay doubled up on the steps where I had left him writhing in the grip of dysentery. Only this time he didn't resent my intrusion. He was dead

THERE WERE TWENTY-TWO steps altogether from the courtyard of the jail up to the cells. I had got into the habit of counting those steps. Made them seem shorter or easier. Anyway I had got into the habit of counting. And at the fourteenth I stopped, done. Because I could go no farther, I lowered myself on to the step above me and took stock of my surroundings.

At the foot of the stairs, barely visible in the gloom, sat the sentry—steel helmeted, knees wide apart, rifle and bayonet across his knees. Silent, unintelligent, unfriendly. Beyond him a small courtyard about thirty yards square. Round the courtyard ran a high prison wall—sheer and made unscalable

by five or six rows of loose-piled bricks balanced twenty feet up on its top.

Above my head, all along the balcony which ran from the top of the stairs round three sides of the ancient block of cells, the darkness was restless with the small sounds of men who slept neither comfortably nor well. And at my feet, also on the staircase, lying doubled up over three or four steps, sprawled a half-naked soldier—an Argyll, I recognized from his cap which, last of his possessions, he wore even at night. I had passed him on the way down to the latrines. Then he had writhed on the stairs with the griping pains of dysentery. "Anything I can do, Jock?" I had asked him.

"Och, man, leave me alone," he had

exclaimed. I regretted my intrusion. That was the trouble nowadays; one was never alone, not even on a prison staircase in the early hours of the morning.

"Sorry," I muttered and, stepping over him, continued on down to the sentry.

"Benjo-ka?" I asked him.

"Benjo-hei," the sentry grunted. Permission granted, I crossed the twenty feet of maggot-ridden mud to the latrine. Soon I returned. In accordance with instructions, I thanked the sentry. "Aringato," I said, to which he replied, disinterestedly, "Okayga." I had climbed the stairs slowly; passed the young Argyll (without speaking) and then stopped—exhausted—at the fourteenth step.

I looked at the sprawling figure again. In

*"I saw before me the hideous spectacle of the almost naked island
and of the wearied, if not exhausted, troops retreating upon it"*

—Winston Churchill, referring to Singapore, 1942, in *The Hinge of Fate*

the gloom I could see his cap with its check colours; his clean-cut jaw. A Scot of the best type. I decided then that, since I, too, was incapable of moving, I could now decently address him.

"How are you doing, Jock?" I asked. He didn't answer. He didn't seem resentful of the intrusion, however, so I persisted, with a feeble attempt at humour. "Toss you for who carries who up the rest of the stairs," I said—and again he didn't answer.

I knew then that the Argyll was dead. Within a week of arriving in the jail, the first man in our 700 had died—not of wounds, not in battle, but from exhaustion and privation.

Weaker than ever, I leaned back. This was something I could not easily understand. Death in war was an unpleasant event which must befall many—not oneself, naturally; but many others, even one's friends. One regretted the fact, but one did not bewail it. But this death due to lack of food and drugs—both of which the Japanese had in plenty—was something against which one could not steel oneself. A week, I thought, and one dead already. A young, sturdy Scot. There must be lots of weeks to go yet before we would be out. A year probably, I thought. That was if the Japanese didn't shoot us as they had said they would. Then, more honestly, I added to myself, four years, more likely. It didn't bear thinking about.

The Road Back

In the dark, on the stairs, resting my elbows on my knees, my forehead on my fists, I gave myself over to misery. I found myself retracing in my mind the sequence of events which had led me, so inevitably, to this staircase between the punishment cells and the courtyard of Pudu jail in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. . . .

Back to the recruiting office in Sydney, where I joined the Australian Imperial Forces in early 1941. On through inoculations, vaccinations, first lessons in how to crawl out of the back fence of the camp and go absent without leave till my pay expired, and the constant iteration

of the instructor's favourite maxim: "A gunner doesn't walk; he doesn't run; he *flies*."

On to July, embarkation leave, the last week of intense security with everybody confined to camp so that no enemy spy should get the faintest inkling of who we were or the fact that we were leaving. And the great day when, still shrouded in secrecy, we stole furtively down Sydney Harbour towards the Heads, accompanied by no fewer than a hundred small craft bearing friends and relatives and large placards with "Good luck, Bill Smith, of the 2/15th" or "Whacko Bluey of the 2/29th" or "Bon Voyage, 8th Div. A.I.F."

Ambushed By Patrol

On to Singapore and across the Causeway to camp at Tampin; the outbreak of war with Japan on December 8, the first encounter with the Japs at Muar and the fighting retreat to Parit Sulong. There, outnumbered and surrounded, we had slipped one by one through the encircling enemy, and tramped through swamp and jungle in an attempt to link up with the other British troops far behind us.

Finally, a party of nine of us had been ambushed by a Japanese patrol. They tied us up with wire, lashing it round our wrists, which were crossed behind our backs and looped to our throats. They prodded us on to the edge of a drain in the rubber plantation. We sat with our legs in the drain, while they set their machine guns up facing us and about ten yards away. The Japanese machine gunner lay down and peered along his barrel. It was my twenty-first birthday and I was not happy.

The Japanese, of whom there were about fifteen, held a conference. They were squat, compact figures with coarse puttees, canvas, rubber-soled, web-toed boots, smooth brown hands, heavy black eyebrows across broad, unintelligent foreheads, and ugly battle helmets. Each man wore two belts—one to keep his pants up and one to hold his grenades, his identity disc and his religious charm—and when

they removed their helmets, they wore caps, and when they took off their caps, their heads had been shaved until only a harsh, black stubble remained. They handled their weapons as if they had been born with them. They were the complete fighting animal.

Mopping his forehead with the silk scarf which they all carried—some painted with rising suns, others with dirty pictures—their leader surveyed us morosely and idly waved a revolver.

"You," he said, pointing to one of our men, "age-u?" The man looked blank, so I told him that the little ape wanted to know how old he was. "Twenty," the man replied.

"Twenty-ka?" said the leader, surprised.

"You?" he said, pointing to my friend, Hugh Moore, who was in the same regiment as I was, and was to share in many of the unpleasant events which subsequently befell me.

"Twenty," said Hugh.

"You?" he demanded of me. "Twenty-one," I told him. He muttered to himself, then turned to his men and informed them, with a contemptuous gesture at us, "Ni-ju." They all registered astonishment.

Number One Soldiers

"Baby," he said. "Twenty no good. Nippon soldier twenty-four. Nippon soldier Number One, English soldier Number Ten."

"You," he pointed at me, "wife-u-ka?"

"No wife," I told him.

"Baby-ka?" he persisted.

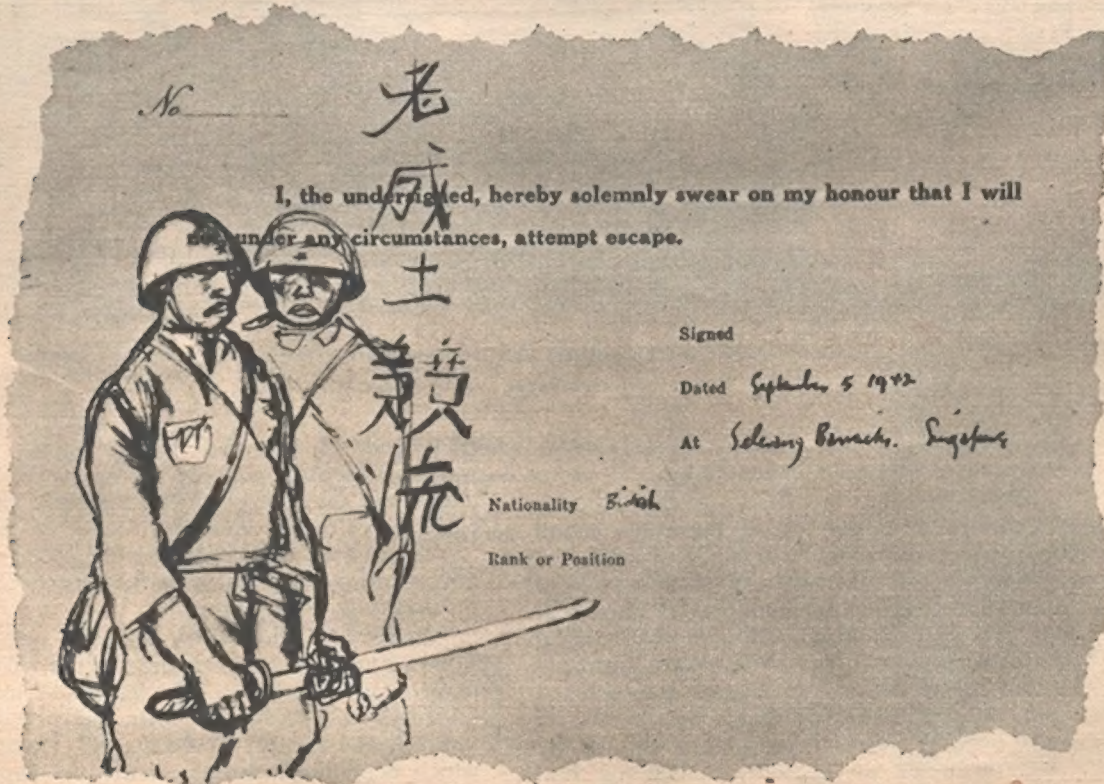
"Not even any babies," I assured him. He hit me with the revolver butt. He asked two others the same questions; they gave the same answers—and received the same treatment. Harry, a former Australian farmer, short, confident, watched all this with his shrewd eyes.

"You," the Jap asked him, "wife-u-ka?"

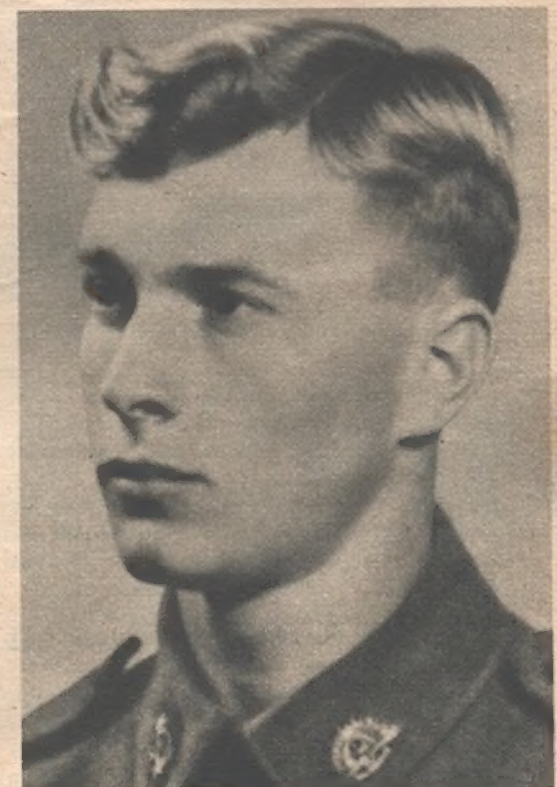
Harry—a bachelor and thirty-ish—smiled his crooked smile. "Yeah," he said boldly.

"Yes?" questioned the Jap, delighted.

"Sure," said Harry; and then, driving home his advantage, added: "Three wives and eight



This sketch of Jap guards, one of hundreds Ronald Searle made in captivity, was drawn on a "no-escape" form which Russell Braddon and all other p.o.w.s in Malaya were forced to sign



Russell Braddon, photographed after he joined the Australian artillery. He was then twenty



Singapore, 1942. In a barracks for 800 men, the Japanese herded 16,000 Allied prisoners of war. There, under the threat of shooting, they had to sign the declaration that they would not escape. This picture was taken secretly by a p.o.w., buried for three years and recovered after the war

babies." This information was received with open admiration by all the Japs, who at once made many lewd gestures in Harry's direction and gave him a cigarette, placing it carefully in his mouth. Harry continued to smile—we had learned our first lesson in Japanese psychology.

Taking a long swig at his round water-bottle, the Jap leader suddenly declared: "All men come," and, putting his cap and helmet back on to his bristly skull, prepared to move off. Emboldened by the cigarette gift, Harry asked for water.

"*Misu-wa Nei*," bellowed the Jap, and—all admiration for Harry's matrimonial prowess banished—hit him with the revolver butt, at which Harry smiled more crookedly than ever and we all grinned at Harry. "Come," said the Jap, "all men come." So we were prodded upright with bayonets and then set out on what was to be a long and rather unpleasant march.

Fifth Column Work

We were used as pathfinders through a mine-field; we passed ambushed British ambulances packed with men who had been only slightly wounded and had been slaughtered as they lay there, their drivers still clutching the wheel; we marched briskly all day—a day of harsh heat during which we were allowed no water and no rests. And when night came, we kept on marching—marching, with a speed and sureness that was astounding. We did not once see a road; we were usually in jungle; when we did hit a clearing, it came as no surprise to the Japs, who were instantly greeted by a Malay who had hot food ready.

This clockwork organization of fifth column sympathizers and the timetable marching was almost incredible when one realized that the Japs who guarded us had been in Malaya only six weeks. It was explained only when one saw their cheap wrist-compasses and the map by which they marched—a map which ignored all

main routes and gave only creeks, paddy tracks, jungle paths, native huts. Every minute detail was there. Every yard of their progress had been charted by twenty years or so of Japanese tailors, photographers, launderers, planters, miners and brothel-keepers in the period before the war.

At midnight we halted and the patrol slept, leaving us guarded. It was unnecessary. Nothing could have kept us awake, not even being trussed together, all nine of us, into an immovable and inflexible lump of humanity. At dawn we were off again. The Japs had washed, eaten and drunk, but we received nothing.

Five times during that morning we managed to untie every man but one, when we could have attempted escape. And five times we were observed, thrashed and tied up again. Then about midday we passed a group of bicycle troops. They had just been shot up by our artillery. The sound of our own gunfire rejoiced our hearts and we prepared to make our run for it. Six of us were already marching with our hands held behind our backs but quite free. The stage seemed set. And at that moment we were herded into the very midst of the bicycle troops and chaos ensued. We were kicked, punched, slugged and slashed. Boots, rifle butts, bayonets and swords came at us from every angle. We were all bloody when we emerged at last from the gauntlet. Hugh's arms gaped widely where he had warded off a sword blow.

As we stood there, licking our wounds, there came another onslaught and we were kicked into the paddy water. We seized this opportunity to take a drink. Then we were all tied up afresh and kicked into the paddy again. When nine men are bound together hand and foot and thrust face downwards into three feet of water, it requires considerable mutual confidence and co-operation not to drown. With the exception of one man, those who were with me in that predicament behaved like heroes; we emerged

from the paddy a trifle waterlogged but alive.

We marched out of the paddy and came to a road. The Japs halted to study their map and we took advantage of the delay to try to stop the wound in Hugh's forearm from bleeding. This first-aid was barely completed when we were kicked to our feet again and we then marched till midnight, when we came to another road. There the nine of us were incarcerated in a chicken coop designed for as many chickens.

A few hours after we wakened, all hell broke loose outside and we realized that a battle was raging on the road. Bullets tore through the chicken coop. One hit the man next to me in the thigh. He moaned and screamed, so the Japs took him outside and bayoneted him. The battle died down. Thirty prisoners, most of them wounded, were brought in. We were joined with them and flung into a ten-foot square copra shed. There we stayed for two days.

The Japs Have "Sport"

During those forty-eight hours we received one lot of water—about three mouthfuls each—and four coconuts. I managed also to scrape in, through a hole in the wall, a double handful of flyblown rice off the Japs' garbage heap. This worked out at a spoonful each. We ate some of the drying copra but, though it makes good oil, it can hardly be described as appetizing. Dysentery broke out, which was awkward.

At the end of the two days, we were herded into a truck. After about ten miles the truck stopped suddenly. The driver had noticed an old Chinese standing beside the road. The driver leaped out and with two other Japs battered him viciously. His cries brought more Nipponese troops to the scene. Soon there were hundreds. They decided to make a day of it. They set fire to the old man's head. As his hair blazed, and he screamed, they offered him water with which to extinguish the flames. When he seized the can of water it was boiling. He flung it over his

They were there together

THE NAKED ISLAND has been hailed by reviewers on its publication earlier this month as one of the finest prisoner-of-war books ever written.

Russell Braddon, the author, and Ronald Searle, who is illustrating the exclusive serial of the book in *JOHN BULL*, make a singularly fitting team. They both worked on the Thailand slave-gang railway, knew hunger together in prison camps in Singapore. In adversity, they became firm friends, and have remained so.

RUSSELL BRADDON, who is thirty-one, was born in Sydney, Australia, the son of a lawyer. He was educated at Sydney University "and by the Imperial Japanese Army." After the war Braddon studied law. Then, as a result of injuries in captivity, he became ill.

Ordered a complete year of rest, he decided to come to Britain, but soon after he arrived in 1949, he broke doctor's orders. Sydney Piddington, a fellow p.o.w., had arrived from Australia with his wife, Lesley, to startle Britain with their "telepathy" act. Braddon became their manager. They were the subject of his first book, *The Piddingtons*.

Now, with his second book—*The Naked Island*—published, and a novel in preparation, Braddon has given up law and taken up writing as a career. He likes swimming, tennis and Britain, where, at present, he plans to stay. He dislikes rice in any form, and Japanese.

RONALD SEARLE, who was born at Cambridge in 1920, was captured in Singapore in February, 1942. "On that day," says Russell Braddon in a tribute, "Ronald's interest in



Russell Braddon (left) with his friend and former fellow p.o.w., artist Ronald Searle

things military died. He became interested only in training to make his mark as an artist, and with this in view he drew assiduously from the first day of captivity to the last.

"In Thailand, although a rapidly improving artist, he was a lamentable builder of railways. The Japanese were quick to observe this and beat him on the head many times. Searle, ingeniously, took to wearing a hat stuffed with grass, and after that, when the Japs beat him, he would sag a little but remain unbent.

"On the railway he became desperately ill. When I saw him he was covered with a foul skin disease. His left hand—his drawing hand—was holed with ulcers, and he lay in a coma. But whenever he regained consciousness, he would crawl upright and draw—with his right hand, since his left was useless. He should have died—everyone thought he would."

Searle pulled through and became the famous artist he is today. He has a beautiful home in London, is married to journalist Kaye Webb. They have twins—a boy and a girl—aged four.

head. The flames hissed out and he screamed even more piercingly. Petrol was poured on to the roasted scalp, a match applied; more boiling water offered. . . . It was quite some time after he expired that the Japanese laughter and excitement died down.

We reached Ayer Hitham, where the superficially wounded were given some inadequate treatment by the Japanese and the seriously wounded were, we presumed (for no one ever saw them again), killed off. We slept the night in a school. In the morning one of the British soldiers produced a safety razor and a blade. About thirty of us shaved with it. There was a well in the yard which provided water for shaving and bathing and (in spite of rumours of a corpse in it) drinking. We were questioned, beaten up and moved to Batu Pahat.

At Batu Pahat we were questioned, beaten up and moved to Gemas. At Gemas the dose was repeated, and then we were put into a cattle truck on a train. In all that time we had eaten only a few spoonfuls of rice. We had now been ten days with virtually no food at all and had marched 180 miles. It had become physically impossible any longer to attempt escape.

Stoned As We Marched

The train stopped thirty-six hours later at a bomb-wrecked station which some Malay volunteers told us was Kuala Lumpur. We were marched from the station through the city; and the march was made unforgettable by the stoning and spitting meted out by a native population which had only a fortnight before been hysterically pro-British.

A mile from the station high dun-coloured walls looked down at us. We turned a corner and marched beside them. Huge doors opened and we passed inside. The doors closed. We were prodded into a small courtyard and that, too, was closed. Inside the courtyard we found 700 men. It had been designed to provide exercise for thirty female convicts. In it, and the cells for those thirty convicts, we 700 were now to live, sleep, cook, excrete, wash and die.

Pudu jail was a place of fascinating stories. Every man in it had been captured in extraordinary circumstances miles behind the

Japanese lines. Some had been betrayed by the native population, in return for a reward from the Japs; some, having succumbed to exhaustion, had woken to find themselves surrounded by curious Nipponese soldiers; some had given themselves up rather than allow the enemy to take reprisals upon the local population. Also there were numerous survivors of those mass executions of the wounded which the Japanese had carried out during their advance.

Watched Mass Killing

There was young Jimmy, then just eighteen years old, who had been collected with 134 others of the wounded we abandoned at Parit Sulong and, having been tied up and knelt in the centre of the road, machine gunned. Jimmy's mate, also eighteen, and Jimmy himself (though both shot through the chest) still lived. Jimmy's mate writhed in pain and Jimmy lay across him, whispering frantically: "Keep still, keep still." But he could not keep still, so the Japanese noticed that he still lived and, tossing Jimmy off him and into the storm-water channel at the side of the road, lifted the slight figure to its feet and riddled it with tommy gun bullets. Clinging to the weeds at the edge of the channel, Jimmy spent the next three hours in the black water. He saw the 134 machine-gunned men bayoneted and then set on fire with petrol and, after their incineration, systematically run over, backwards and forwards, by trucks.

Then the enemy marched out of Parit Sulong, stamping their feet and singing their victory song, but Jimmy found that he was too weak from his wounds and shock to clamber out of the canal. Too weak until wild pigs came out of the jungle on to the carnage of the moonlit road, and, along with a few dogs, started eating the burnt flesh. Then, in horror, he leaped out of the channel and ran, mile after mile, through the night, until he collapsed in the jungle, and was later captured.

Our quarters were on the first floor. On the ground floor beneath us were the peacetime administrative offices, now occupied by the Japanese guards, and the jail's hospital. It was, perhaps, ten feet by eight feet, with a tiny alcove off it about six feet by six feet. Into this

"hospital" we carried those of our dysentery cases who were so ill as to be helpless. They lay on the floor side by side in filth and squalor and under a cloud of flies. The stench and helplessness of it all was abominable and, without drugs to treat them, they died quickly.

The transition to jail life was violent. As each man entered the jail he was stripped of everything which could possibly be used as a weapon. This included, as well as the obvious items, all nailfiles, knives, razors and blades. Beards consequently became unavoidable and for days we itched maddeningly. Not only that, but we had no eating utensils. We ate out of the lids of jail bedpans, old hubcaps, battered kidney dishes. We ate with our fingers and bits of wood. And what we ate was no less violent a transition than anything else—rice, with no salt or flavouring matter of any kind. We consumed a couple of pints of this glue a day.

Finally, there was the inevitable emotional adjustment which had to be made in men who only yesterday had been fighting the enemy and were now incarcerated in his hands and at his mercy—this the more so since he had hastened to assure us that we were not deemed official prisoners of war, but only slave labour to be used at will and disposed of just as soon as the demand for our talents had vanished.

Our "Court Of Inquiry"

So, during the day, we huddled, all 700 of us, in our small exercise yard designed for thirty. We dug in shifts to try to keep latrines available and found it difficult. We had no soap, no towels, no clothes other than those we wore—usually only shorts. We huddled in the sun against the hot wall and threshed it out. Threshed out how we'd had no air support but that, provided we'd held the little bastards up for as long as possible, then we'd done all we could ask, either of ourselves or of officialdom. It was agreed that when one volunteered for Empire service, one volunteered for whatever came—not for a war of complete safety fought under an umbrella of Spitfires. This conclusion having been reached after days of fierce wrangling, we accepted our lot philosophically. There was no more to be said. No more would have been said had it not been for subsequent orders sent to Singapore.

Singapore, however, had not yet fallen. We did not think it would fall. We thought that our forces would withdraw to the island and there fight a war of bitter attrition until aerial support and armour eventually arrived. We did not know that a half-hearted civilian administration would complain of civilian casualties and demand capitulation. We did not know that the big fifteen-inch guns of Singapore could not fire north, whence the attack came. We did not know that the architects of Singapore, the impregnable fortress, had omitted to provide an adequate water supply on the island itself, most of its water coming from Johore across the Causeway.

Tussle With The Lice

We knew none of these things. And remembering the stubborn retreat of the British down to Slim River, the victory at Gemas, the delaying action fought from Muar to Parit Sulong, we had no fears for Singapore's ultimate safety. Meantime, we squatted in the courtyard. We ate our two pints of glue, drank our one pint of boiled water, grew steadily weaker and more hirsute, and then—at dusk—went to bed.

Bed meant the floor of the veranda round the cell block and the few cells themselves. It meant every inch of floor being covered in a sprawling mass of men. They lay on bare boards with no covering. Wounded men, men with fever, men who dreamed and men who couldn't sleep and had no cigarettes. Millions of lice joined issue with us over our respective rights as tenants. Morning always came as a relief.

The first thing that happened each morning

Continued on page 35



The young artist had produced a piece of charcoal. He was all ready to sign when Charlie interrupted. "Are you famous?" he inquired officiously

Happy Birthday by JACK TREVOR STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Charlie's parents were playing safe. If he had an air-gun, heaven only knew what might happen. But what could be more harmless than an autograph book?

THE AUTOGRAPH BOOK came as a complete surprise to Charlie, who was hoping for an air-gun and a box of slugs. He did not show his disappointment, for a birthday was a birthday no matter what you got. Then there was the added excitement of being ten instead of nine, an age which, although welcome enough when he first attained it, had become a bit dull over the year.

He had not actually mentioned a gun to his father, for there had to be an element of surprise in the present, but he had stipulated something for hunting with. And this was it: autograph hunting. It was, he felt certain, this year's deliberate mistake.

Reg was as disappointed as Charlie, for he and his brother had promised themselves a day's shooting on Sparrowswick Heath. Not only a day of shooting rabbits and pheasants and even bigger game, but a day free of their sisters, Maudie, Sue, Louie and Bessie, not to mention baby Claude. Maudie, at twelve, was always a

restricting influence and the others would undoubtedly make a noise or get upwind or something just as the quarry was nicely sighted.

Now it was all off. Instead of a gun, Charlie had to get a leather-covered book with green, yellow and blue pages in it, all blank.

"I think I'll take my bike to bits and clean it," Reg said, when Saturday breakfast was over.

Charlie accepted Reg's decision as a kind of tacit reproof for not getting a gun. The children were drifting in and out of the house, marshalling their various facilities for enjoying a day free from school, a day of pocket money, picture matinées and little likelihood of rain. Louie was upside down on her head against the laburnum tree, thinking; her twin sister, Sue, stood nearby awaiting an opportunity to push Louie over; little fat Bessie hung around in the kitchen hoping for titbits when her mother had finished washing up.

Maudie stayed close to Charlie and the

autograph book; nobody appeared to notice it, but there was an air of expectancy and excitement about Maudie, almost as though it were her birthday instead of Charlie's.

"I'll come with you, our Charlie," she said.

Charlie kicked his heels by the back door, watching Reg stand his bicycle upside down by the shed.

"Come where with me?"

"Autograph hunting, of course. You'll have to take a pencil with you—you can borrow mine."

"What's the sense?" Charlie said, glumly.

"Well, you must fill it up with names," Maudie said.

Looking at the eager and unusually friendly expression on his elder sister's face, Charlie had a thought. "You wanted an autograph book for your birthday, didn't you?"

"Yes. But that's not for ever so long."

"That's what I was thinking. You didn't

Continued on page 22

An eye to match in half an hour

Godfrey Taylor makes glass eyes for all occasions, including "morning after" models for

drunkards. They are meant to deceive: once, even he was deceived **by KEITH ELLIS**

SOME TIME AGO, a man who had kept secret from his wife the fact that he had only one eye, knocked timidly on a door in West London. His glass eye had roughened slightly and, needing a replacement, he was calling on an artificial-eye maker. Shown up to the waiting-room, he was astonished to see his wife who, unknown to him, also wore a glass eye. It, too, had worn, and by a coincidence she had decided to have a new one made at the same time as her husband.

The ocular prosthetist, or artificial-eye maker, whom they consulted was Godfrey Taylor, a tall, slim man of thirty-six, who is at least the third generation of his family to make glass eyes. It sounds unbelievable that a married couple could possibly not know such facts about each other, but Taylor vouches for this story and for others.

"We had a similar case when two engaged people who knew nothing of each other's disability met in my rooms," he says. "I know of many cases where one partner wears a glass eye without the other knowing. It's quite easy to slip it in and out in the bathroom—and, besides, human beings are pretty unobservant."

One of the dozen artificial-eye makers in London, Taylor blows about a thousand glass eyes every year. He and his father have made eyes for a well-known field marshal, a famous actor, several famous sportsmen and thousands of men and women in all walks of life. He has made

eyes of every colour except black—"which don't exist, unless you mean the sort that need treatment with a steak."

Although archaeologists recently discovered in ancient Egyptian tombs small pebbles with traces of blue and brown paint, the first glass eyes were made in Germany 250 years ago. Known as shell eyes, they were merely hemispheres cut out of hollow glass bulbs, with iris and pupil painted on the surface. They were brittle and sharp. Snellen, a Dutch physician, suggested in 1912 that the bulb could be collapsed under heat, the eye cut to the right shape and the edges folded smoothly back. These eyes, now standard, are known as Snellen eyes and fit comfortably into the socket.

"From a few feet away, you can't distinguish them from real eyes," says Taylor. "With the best, it's impossible to tell at all." When one of his patients was sick in a big London hospital, a surgeon learned that she was wearing a glass eye, and called over a group of students. "There's something wrong with one of this patient's eyes," he said. "I want you to find out what it is." Eager to impress, the students gathered round her bed and discovered all manner of rare conditions and diseases. Not one of them suspected that she had only one eye.

An old sea captain once came to Taylor and explained that he had just taken a well-paid advisory job in the navy of a South American republic. But he had first to pass a medical

examination and, as he had only one eye, his chances seemed poor. Could Taylor help?

He was fitted with a glass eye and sent off to the medical. The doctor failed to notice anything unusual and asked him to cover one eye while he read some letters off a card with the other. Confidently, he placed his left hand over his glass eye and read them off. "Now cover the other eye," said the doctor. Ostentatiously, the captain swung down his left hand and swung up his right, but this, too, he placed over his glass eye. The doctor did not notice, and the captain got the job. "Unfortunately," says Taylor, "later he found that he had to promise to fight against Britain, if necessary, and he decided to reject the job."

Every Eye Is Different

Most of Taylor's patients have lost their eyes in accidents involving golf balls and clubs, fireworks, umbrella ribs, motor-car windscreens and air pistols. One, a well-known actor, had his eye badly mauled by an over-friendly dog which leaped up to greet him. A few lose their eyes through disease.

Taylor's aim is to make the glass eye as inconspicuous as possible, and the best way of doing this is to copy the remaining eye. "That's difficult," he says, "because you're imitating nature." Most patients have their eyes made individually, though they can, if they wish, choose an eye out of Taylor's stock of 7,000. Since every human eye is different, a ready-made match is most unlikely.

One of the rare times he managed such a match was when he was a submarine officer during the war. He was lunching with a surgeon-lieutenant in Malta when his companion asked what he did in civil life. "You're just the man we want," he said when Taylor told him. Immediately after lunch, they drove to the naval hospital, where there was a young seaman whose eye had been shot out. "There are a hundred artificial eyes in the island, fifty left and fifty right," said the surgeon. "But nobody knows what to do with them." Taylor examined the seaman's remaining eye, glanced over the stock and fitted him up. "By an almighty fluke," he says, "it was a perfect match."

Normally, Taylor uses his stock only to decide what size a new patient needs. He then takes him to his tiny workshop, asks him to sit by the workbench, and makes a glass eye on the spot, referring frequently to the living eye as he works. First, he takes an inch-wide tube of bluish-white glass which corresponds as nearly as possible to the whites of the patient's eye, heats it in his high-power gas-jet, and draws out a small section, which he blows into a bulb. Choosing a rod of coloured glass which he knows from experience will be the best base for the colour required, he dabs it molten on to the bulb and heats it until it has become a perfect circle.

Adding The Sparkle

Next he takes a thin rod of crystal glass streaked with white lines and draws on it tiny strokes of molten glass from rods of green, blue, brown, yellow and grey. "This is the palette on which I mix my colours. You can tell only from experience and judgment what the result will look like." He then heats it, draws it out and, in the heat of the flame, applies it to the basic colour on the bulb in tiny strokes. The



In his workshop, Godfrey Taylor melts the "veins" into a half-finished eye. For these, he scribbles on the eyeball with a rod of yellowish glass streaked with red



JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Mrs. Taylor fitting a customer. Although Taylor has a stock of 7,000 eyes, ready-made matches are rare. The most difficult eyes to match are hazel, which change colour with the surroundings

result is a tiny striated pyramid of colour which is smoothed down in the gas jet. Taylor has now made the iris, or coloured part of the eye.

The pupil is made by stabbing a narrow rod of cold black glass into the centre of the iris and cutting it off with the flame. It is inserted cold so that it will stay sharp and clear and not mix with the other colours. To give depth and sparkle, clear crystal glass is melted over the iris. Taylor makes the veins of the eyeball by drawing out a rod of yellowish glass streaked with red and scribbling it zigzag on the white under the jet. The bulb is now blown to an ovoid shape to fit the socket, and the eye cut out with a hot, narrow flame. Holding it in asbestos tongs, Taylor folds back the ragged edges under heat and smooths the inside. He then plunges it into hot sand so that it will cool slowly.

The whole process takes about half an hour. Taylor works deftly without fuss. "You need both inborn aptitude and long experience," he says. He himself watched his father at work from his earliest years, and had already made an eye by the time he was eleven. Eventually, he joined his mother at the work bench. Though

she no longer makes eyes, she still helps to fit them.

Sometimes, glancing frequently at the patient, Taylor can make a match first time, but he averages three attempts for each patient. "The most difficult to imitate are hazel eyes, which appear blue on a fine day at the seaside and dark grey in a London fog. I usually give them three eyes from which to choose the best."

Provided a patient has a good socket with healthy muscles, a glass eye will swivel quite naturally in synchronization with the real eye. With irises of certain pale colours, Taylor can even make the pupil appear to contract and dilate in different lights. How he does so is a trade secret.

Besides imitating normal healthy eyes, Taylor also makes eyes which reproduce cataracts and glaucomas in the remaining eye. "This is the best way of making the glass eye inconspicuous."

Occasionally, he is asked to make a pair of eyes for blind people. One girl had overcome her disability so well that for months her landlady believed she could see quite normally. Another patient, an up-and-coming young boxer

who had lost both eyes in the ring, came on two thugs assaulting an old man in Euston Road. By hearing and touch, he measured his distance and knocked both of them flat on the pavement. A policeman came up. "This man attacked us," they said.

"And what have you to say?" asked the policeman, turning to the patient. He merely slipped out his eyes and held them out in the palm of his hand. "How could I?" he asked. "I'm blind."

Taylor also runs a special line for drunkards, and business men whose eyes tire on long over-night journeys. He supplies two eyes, one normal, the other yellowish and bloodshot for the morning after. He has even made eyes for dogs and parrots.

A man once came to Taylor's father with a fine-looking chow. "He's just lost one eye in a fight," he said, "and I want to exhibit him at Cruft's next week. Can you help?" Taylor senior helped so successfully that when the dog was exhibited he won a prize. He was also asked to make a glass eye for a circus lion. "They doped it so that my father could go into the cage for a fitting. Unfortunately, it came round too soon. He was a heavy man, but he leaped out of that cage as though he were jet-propelled."

Cache For Diamonds

One day, Taylor's father was asked to make an eye with a cavity at the back. His eye watered, explained the patient, and he wanted to put in a piece of cotton-wool to absorb it. Years later, a total stranger came back with the eye. "It belonged to my brother," he said. "Do you remember it?" Taylor senior did. "I thought you'd like to know that he used it for smuggling diamonds out of South Africa," said the stranger.

Taylor likes to fit a patient from six to eight weeks after he has lost his eye. "The advice sometimes given to children to wait until they're older is the worst possible," he says. "The socket tends to close up. I met a groom at a circus whose socket had completely disappeared." He once fitted a comic actress, under contract to make a film, a week after she lost her eye, but he told her to take it out as often as possible. During the first six months, three or four different-sized eyes may be needed until the patient's socket settles down.

One of Taylor's incidental duties is to explain to patients that life with a glass eye is still worth living. Some are extremely sensitive at first, but eventually nine out of ten become reconciled to having a blind side. Knowing their disability, they are usually less prone to accidents than people with two eyes. "I tell them," says Taylor, "that at least two cricketers with glass eyes have played for England, two motor cyclists have won the Ulster T.T., and one man has rowed for Cambridge." Perhaps he emphasizes the physical possibilities because he himself is a keen all-round sportsman.

Dangerous Air-guns

His work, however, is directly responsible for one of his main enthusiasms. So many of his patients have lost their eyes as a result of easily avoidable accidents that he has started a personal crusade for eye safety. "I try to spread around the idea that many so-called toys are just damned dangerous. Air-gun pellets especially seem to fly unerringly for the eye. It's just not worth the risk of having them about."

Of all the eyes he has made, he regards one as being particularly successful. Some time ago a young woman appeared in his waiting-room. She looked quite normal and he wondered why she had come. "Don't you recognize me?" she asked. Taylor was unable to place her. "You made me an eye in 1942," she said. "I was passing through London and thought I would look you up."

Says Taylor: "It's the only time I've been deceived with one of my own eyes." THE END



Meg and the Campions were discussing Havoc. "He just wants the treasure," said Amanda, by the fender. "That may be wrong, but it's not insane"

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

by MARGERY ALLINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Campion knew he must get Amanda and his son away—before the desperate Havoc struck a final blow

JACK HAVOC, a notorious convict, had escaped from custody one evening in a thick London fog. Within a few hours, five people had been found murdered. Most of them were connected, mysteriously, with Martin, Elginbrodde, a young officer killed in the war.

Before his escape, Havoc had arranged for a confederate to send photographs, apparently of Elginbrodde, to the dead man's widow, Meg Elginbrodde. To Meg and her fiancé, Geoffrey Levett, it looked at the time like blackmail. . . .

But it wasn't blackmail. Geoffrey knew that now. He knew that Havoc had been a member of a wartime raid on a French house; he knew that Elginbrodde, the leader of the party, had spoken of treasure that was hidden there; he knew, too, that Elginbrodde had told Havoc that if he himself was killed, he would leave a letter for Meg's future husband—if she remarried—giving details of the treasure. It was to prevent that happening that Havoc had tried to stop the wedding.

Geoffrey knew all this because, while police searched the fog-bound capital, the convict sat a few feet away from him in the cellar where Geoffrey lay bound and gagged.

The previous day, catching the man who had been sending Meg the photographs, he had tried to get him to talk. But the man had been murdered in an alley by a macabre band of street musicians. Geoffrey himself had been

spirited away swiftly by the band because—he learnt later—their leader, a powerful albino called Tiddy Doll, had mistaken him for Havoc. Some of the band had been on the wartime raid. They wanted their cut of the treasure.

For one terrible night Geoffrey had lain prisoner in the band's communal cellar while Tiddy Doll tried to make up his mind what should be done with him.

And then the dangerous Havoc had arrived.

Not only Meg was worried by Geoffrey's disappearance; her cousin, Albert Campion, the criminologist, was working on the case with Chief Inspector Charlie Luke. And Campion was particularly puzzled by one witness's report of the murder of Havoc's confederate. The witness had heard a clanking sound at that time, a sound that could have been the rattle of a collecting box; a collecting box that could have been used by a band of street musicians that Campion had noticed in the fog. . . .

PART 6

Mr. Campion Steps Out

THIS morning the fog was thicker than ever. Twenty-four hours of city vapours had given it body and bouquet, and its chill was spiteful.

Above the cellar, in the street market, the early fish queue, damp as its quarry, struggled out of the gutter and on to the pavement.

The "few words" which were to develop so

Continued on page 25

MY RUSSIAN WIFE'S HEARTBREAKING LETTERS



William Rickitts, former employee of the British Embassy in Moscow. In the last of his three exclusive articles, he records, through letters from the wife he knows as Erenochka or Erena, the climax of their struggle to live together

For months she had lived in terror while her friends vanished one by one. Then the blow fell and her letters from Moscow took on a new note

Erenochka sends me a strange plea

by WILLIAM RICKITTS

I HAD BEEN MARRIED to Erena for three years. Of that time we had spent only four months together. Now, I was certain, heavy pressure was being put upon her to compel her to divorce me. From other sources I learned that she had been told that she need not think her marriage to a Briton gave her any sort of protection. In the view of the Russians, she was a Soviet citizen.

To me, citizenship, decrees, international tension, all meant nothing. Erena was my wife, guilty of no crime. It was 1948. Christmas was coming and the United Nations was to discuss the Declaration of Human Rights. It is a most moving document, but as I read it I felt bitter and despairing. I felt still more bitter as I read Erena's letters.

December 29, 1948.—"Today is our third wedding anniversary. How many more must I celebrate without my husband? It seems that there is to be no end to our suffering. If only people could be kind and give us our visa for a New Year present.

"I went to the British Embassy for a party at Christmas. I wore a white blouse and a long black skirt. I wore silver shoes and there were flowers in my hair. Now the New Year approaches. There are huge Christmas trees in the Manezh square and at the Morstorg. There is music in the streets all day long.

"I suppose I shall be very old when I finally come to you. Would you like me then? I must try to come to you while I am still young. Oh, I am getting old, the years are flying and I have achieved nothing yet, no husband with me, no house, no family. And how much I want these things!"

I had never liked Erena's stepfather, although I knew he treated Erena kindly at times. But he was a sullen, taciturn man and he strongly disapproved of our marriage. Many times during our separation I had been afraid of what he might do. Now I knew.

January 28, 1949.—"Something terrible has happened to our family. My father has been discharged from his work as a schools' inspector because I am married to a foreigner. He flew into a rage, threatened me and nearly killed me. He told me that I had betrayed my country and he would do everything to see that I was put into prison. Then he said that both of us could not live in the same house—either he or I must go. This was on Sunday at eight o'clock in the evening and I left the house. I went to one of the Embassy buildings and the girls there were able to look after me.

"I have asked the Embassy if I may live in one of their buildings, but I don't know whether it will be possible. If I live at the Embassy I shall go to visit my mother only when my father



Erenochka Rickitts. When her husband was sent back to Britain, she hoped to be allowed to leave Russia to join him. But after six years of brave defiance she was still there

much. While we were there, police came to speak to my father, and asked him to make me come home so they would take me away. My father refused to do it. So, they are after me all the time. And they tried to shake me in

trouble, and big ones too. The other day I was deregistered from my house. If you do not know every person who lives in Moscow has to be registered, otherwise he has to leave Moscow so now I have no right to live here. Oh, darling.

July 15, 1949: The net begins to close. Soviet police try to lure Erenochka from sanctuary in the British Embassy

March 26, 1950: A new blow. The right to live with her family in Moscow is withdrawn

is out, for he may get worse, and I do not wish to be responsible for his death. Besides, he told me that so long as I live in his house he will never be given work to do. This is silly, of course, for they allowed him to work before.

"When we wives talk together we speak only of the day when we shall be allowed to go to England. We plan how we shall live there, how we shall call on each other with our husbands."

February 4, 1949.—"Things are the same at home. When I go to visit my mother my father does not speak to me, but goes to bed and covers his head. It is so hard on my mother, yet I have been given a room by the Embassy, a nice room which I share with two other wives, Rosa and Lelya."

From my memories of Erena's stepfather, I can well understand how bitter and angry he felt towards her. But I cannot excuse him. He was afraid, I suppose, and desperate. My marriage to Erena had brought danger and suffering not only to us but to others.

The Embassy made her welcome; it was an asylum for her. Without the room they gave her she would have had only the streets, for no Russian would have given her shelter. Once more she made formal application for a visa.

March 7, 1949.—"I wonder what the result will be this time. You won't be discouraged if it takes long, will you? All my life consists of hoping and waiting now.

"You asked me about life in Moscow. It is improving. There was another reduction in prices the other day, and it's a great help. People can buy more food now and they are better dressed. But living away from home my expenses are doubled, for I still give my mother money. Sometimes it seems to me that I have only the dark side of life to look upon, then I forget about it when I go to the theatre. I took my mother to the Bolshoi to see the ballet *Cinderella*. She enjoyed it so much."

We Watched The News

When Molotov was removed from the post of Soviet Foreign Minister in March, 1949, both Erena and I thought that, perhaps, it meant a chance for us. We watched every change in the international situation. But for us nothing changed except the seasons.

April 20, 1949.—"We celebrate the Russian Easter next Sunday, and my mother is going to paint some eggs and make special little cakes. I wish you could be here to eat some of these delicious things."

In the spring of 1949, the question of the Russian wives was discussed before the United Nations. But nothing was decided. There was a lot of talk, and at the end of it things were the same. But at the time we were excited.

Then the subtle pressure began again.

July 15, 1949.—"My mother has been away in the country. I missed her very much. While she was there, police came to speak to my father, and asked him to make me come home so they could take me away. My father refused to do it. So, they are after me all the time. And they tried to speak to my mother. I am glad, too, that she is firm with them. My

adorable mamochka, she suffers and worries too much about me."

November 18, 1949.—"Darling, please remember always that if anything happens to me do not give me up. Remember once and for all if I am taken I shall never divorce you and the knowledge that you will not give me up will strengthen me and give me courage to bear all suffering. Please, under no conditions divorce me. If you did it would kill me. My mother is frightened. I am not afraid of anything."

Now four years had passed since we were married. I sensed that the Soviet authorities were becoming impatient with Erena's refusal to divorce me. I had suggested that I should divorce her in the belief that it was the only way to spare her suffering. You have read her answer to that.

Plight Of American's Wife

Her letters now became infrequent. It was not hard to understand why.

January 27, 1950.—"I do not write to you as often as I should because I do not want you to be upset on my account. I often feel depressed and unhappy and I feel like dying.

"You remember Ganna, who is married to an American? Twice she has been taken to the militia office and advised to divorce her husband. She has been forbidden to go to the Embassy or to make any contact with foreigners. But she will not divorce her husband and says she will be brave and strong to the end.

"Oh, darling, you do not imagine how terrified I am sometimes. Please never think for a moment that my feelings towards you have changed. It is not so. When I married you it was for the whole of my life, and no force on earth can separate me from you."

February 10, 1950.—"How miserable are the long-dragging years! But we must be firm and never give up hope. As for your plan to come and live here, I don't think it is advisable, although I wish to be with you with all my heart. First of all, if I left the Embassy I don't think I would be able to find work, and what would we do then? Russian people would never trust you and you would be under suspicion all the time. Darling, please do not think I don't want you here, I do, but we could never be happy."

"I have not heard of Ganna for a long time."

I had seriously intended emigrating to Russia. It seemed to me that it was the only alternative, the only way Erena and I could be together. Her letter told me what I knew unconsciously all the time. There would be no place for me there. I replied angrily, bitterly attacking Russia for bringing us such unhappiness. As always, she sprang loyally to the defence of her country.

February 17, 1950.—"Darling, you must not believe everything you read about Russia. You talk like a little baby sometimes, about some conditions here. Have you forgotten what you used to say when you were in Moscow? You said that the English papers give quite a different picture of Russia than what is true."

Very well, I wrote, I shall come to Russia. I shall come anyhow, with or without a visa. I did not care about anything except that

humanity and common sense dictated that I should be with Erena.

March 3, 1950.—"Darling! Don't attempt such a crazy thing as trying to cross the frontier without a visa. You would be stopped immediately and tried as a spy. I should never see you again. Get the idea out of your head at once."

Reluctantly I abandoned my plan to join her in Russia. Like a furtive criminal, I had been making inquiries about the manner in which I could smuggle myself into Russia.

She was right. It was hard to accept, but she was right. I lived in an unreal world where the ordinary human values I had once accepted as self-evident had been twisted into contradictions. Love and marriage were no longer supreme human achievements, but sordid crimes.

Then, in the spring of 1950 came another blow.

March 26, 1950.—"It seems there is no end of trouble, and big ones too. The other day I was deregistered from my house. If you do not know, every person who lives in Moscow has to be registered, otherwise he has to leave Moscow. So now I have no right to live here. Oh, darling, I have lived in Moscow since I was a child!"

Even this blow did not stop Erena from making another application for a visa. Nor did the authorities refuse her application point-blank. But they made it difficult for her.

April 16, 1950.—"The Foreign Office here has told me that all foreign documents (your papers asking for my release) must be translated and certified by a notary. So I went to a notary and I was told that first of all the Foreign Office should approve my documents. It is a vicious circle. I showed the notary the letter from the Foreign Office. She telephoned the Foreign Office and was told that since the documents were personal they would not approve them."

May 11, 1950.—"Another awful thing has happened. Ganna was taken to prison and I do not know what to do. I am terrified. So you see they can do anything they like."

A Friend Disappears

May 17, 1950.—"Darling, during the past few days something terrible happened. On Sunday, when I went to my mother's home I was followed all the way. I looked out of the window of my mother's home and I saw that a car had stopped below. A man got out and went across the street to talk to a girl there, and she pointed up to my mother's flat. Then the man got in the car and it left."

August 1, 1950.—"Thirteen days ago Lelya Burke disappeared. We waited for her the whole day and she did not come back. What is happening to her now we do not know.

"Oh, darling, do not spare your efforts and do everything for me. There is no way back for me and I'll be firm to the end. Darling, you live in a different world, happy and free. I am so tired and exhausted and I only wish to fall asleep and awaken somewhere away from this place, or perhaps never awaken at all. Please, God, help me."

August 15, 1950.—"They are trying again to convince me through my brother to take a

Another awful thing has happened.
Ganna was taken to prison
and I do not know what
to do. I am terrified. So you

May 11, 1950:

Erenochka's letter recording the fate of her friend Ganna, who had married an American. Later, she herself was to be "kidnapped"

divorce. My darling, do nothing rash. If you came here and became a Soviet citizen it will be the end for you and me. Darling, please wait a little longer. Go to the Soviet Embassy in London and tell them that I want to join you. Tell them that it is a lie that I don't want to come to you. But don't say that you want to become a Soviet citizen."

Terrified At Night

Once more I went to the Soviet Embassy. I wrote again to Stalin and now to Vishinsky. I knew as I wrote that nothing I had to say would alter the situation. Yet I did not know what else to do. The policies of the Kremlin were not going to be altered by a letter from William Rickitts. And how much did those calm-faced, polite men in the Soviet Embassy care for me?

August 29, 1950.—"We still have no news of Lelya Burke. She has just disappeared. Now I am in the room alone and it is awful not having her here. Especially at night. Then I am terrified."

Erena's friends, the other wives, were going one by one. I suppose that I knew all the time that sooner or later it would be Erena's turn. Yet we refused to admit this to each other. "It will be wonderful when I am able to go to England," she would sometimes write, "and I feel so terrible as the years pass by and I grow older and the chance to see you never comes."

Then I had what I believed was the last letter Erena wrote to me of her own free will.

September 15, 1951.—"I am so miserable. It is an awful thing to realize that everybody despises you and they are even frightened to speak to me, as if I were an outcast."

She was no longer the girl who had clutched happiness to her so eagerly. Her courage now, I think, came from bitterness.

Things were near the end. And the end came soon. I was called to the Foreign Office and shown a letter from our Chargé d'Affaires in Moscow. On the night of October 16, 1951, my wife, Erena, had been kidnapped outside the Bolshoi Theatre, forced into a car and taken away. The member of the British Embassy staff who had been escorting her was shouldered aside.

That might have been the end of it, with nothing more to follow but silence. Such had been the pattern before. Yet this time there was a twist to the story, ironic and inexplicable.

Two days later, Erena "re-appeared." At her mother's flat she was interviewed by correspondents of Reuters, the United Press and Agence France Presse. She was reported as saying: "I am now staying with my ailing mother and do not intend to return to the British Embassy."

It seemed an innocent explanation. But I knew that Mr. P. F. Grey, the Chargé d'Affaires in Moscow, had made a strong protest. I knew that thirty-four Russian girls had married Britons. I knew that sixteen of them had been allowed to come to Britain. I knew that the rest had never received visas, that they had divorced their husbands or been divorced, that they had disappeared.

I acted. I sent a cable to Stalin. "I love sincerely my Russian wife, Iraida, and she loves

me. Could you do something to reunite us?" I went again to the Soviet Embassy, not cap in hand and politely as I had done five years before; but angrily. I pushed my way in, past a man in uniform, and turned into a room leading off the hall. Three Russians looked at me in surprise and asked my business. I showed them newspaper cuttings concerning my wife's disappearance and reappearance. They told me that there was little chance of her obtaining a visa.

"You are afraid of each other!" I said, and I left them.

At last two telegrams came to me from Russia, signed "Erina." They said she was safe, that she had not been abducted, that she was living with her mother. I wrote to her mother's address. I wrote several times a week and yet received no reply. The silence was unbearable.

I waited, and at last a letter came from Erena. It came through the ordinary Russian mails. Although I was certain that she had written it under dictation, it comforted me, for I knew that she was alive. "I want you to know," the letter said, "that I have left the Embassy and I am living at home with my mother. Now I feel quite different and you should not be afraid that something will happen to me. Most of all I ask you not to start any noise about me being kidnapped. I am not."

A Mysterious Letter

I did not find this letter so reassuring as it may sound, but I replied to it and waited anxiously for further news. Again there was silence for several weeks, and then came a registered letter through the usual mail which I could not explain and which left me very disturbed. In it Erena seemed to suggest for the first time that I should join her in Moscow.

January 15, 1952.—"I miss you very much and wish you were with me. It sometimes seems to me that my fate intends me to live without you for the rest of my life. It is a dreadful and terrifying thought. Go to the Soviet Embassy in London and make inquiries there how everything can be arranged. I think they will give you a satisfactory answer. I only know that many foreigners live here happily."

I went to the Russian Embassy and I asked them many questions, but I did not receive any satisfactory assurances which would have enabled me to make any plans to go to Russia to join my wife. It is hard to know what the end of our story will be. But so strong has been Erena's courage and so powerful her ability to imbue me with faith and hope that it has been impossible to believe I shall never see her again. I shall, I know I shall.

"People," she wrote in one of her later letters, "are hard and cruel." I do not think she believes that. There is kindness and compassion in the world, and they are the values she always honoured. Hundreds of men and women I do not know have written to tell me of their sympathy, some of them saying that they have written to Erena. I hope she received their letters. With such sympathy on our side, there has been no despair. I have gone on fighting for reunion with Erenochka, my Russian wife. THE END



Picture Erenochka sent when describing a 1948 Christmas party: "I wore a white blouse and a long black skirt. There were flowers in my hair"

Love on tour

by THURMAN WARRINER

ILLUSTRATED BY HANTS

For years Letty had planned a steady marriage for her daughter. And now look what happened!

IT WAS SUNDAY AFTERNOON. It was raining. The train had been standing in the cutting half an hour. The entire cast of *Quips and Capers* (this week, Palace, Steeple Hempstead; next, Hippo, West Appleforth) was in a state of advanced boredom.

Eight of them—Sheila Shannon's Peaches—were crowded in one compartment, singing "In My Solitude." In the next Arthur Bradwick (Our Arthur, Pep and Personality) had fallen asleep over the *News of the World*. In the third, forty-five year old Letty Bayman (Youth and Charm) was wondering if she could get through the week without another blonde rinse. Next door, the Harmony Mirthquakers and the musical director were hurling cards and blasphemies at one another and picking up odd ha'pennies.

And in the last, Clive Byron was holding Diane in his arms, while she stood on tip-toe with eyes blissfully closed.

"You're the loveliest thing that ever happened!" he was saying. "I mean it, Diane. God knows why I feel this way after six blessed days, but I love you."

"And I love you, Clive. You know I do. But what are we going to do about it? Letty's going to be simply furious."

She was slim and fair, young and fresh as spring. Blonde rinses wouldn't be a worry for a long while yet. She wasn't on the bill; this was her first train-call. Only last Monday afternoon she had walked down the grimy steps on to the stage of Steeple Hempstead Palace and asked for Letty Bayman.

Clive Byron had been coming across from his dressing-room. "Letty?" he said. "She's out. Won't be back till just before the show."

"I suppose you don't know where she's gone?"

"Sorry, I don't. Is it urgent?"

"Not very. I can wait. She's my mother."

Clive looked at her very hard. "Letty's daughter? Good God!"

"I suppose she'll be furious with me for turning up like this, but there's nothing else I could do. The school's closed down with mumps. We've got a flat at Hove, but I couldn't just stay there by myself."

"A flat at Hove. . . ." He had to stop himself from smiling. "It seems odd to think of Letty with a home and a husband."

"It isn't much of a home," she admitted. "It's only lived in about one month out of twelve. Bozzy's not much of a husband, or a father either. I've not seen him in three years."

"I suppose Letty's been shielding you from the wicked world. It's a select academy for the daughters of the rich, isn't it?"

"I think you're laughing at me," Diane said.

"I'm not. I merely wondered what on earth Letty's going to do with you. Have you had tea?"

"No."

"Then shall we go in search of it? Letty

won't mind your having tea with me. She thinks I'm a nice boy."

"Well, you are, aren't you?" said Diane candidly.

Mumps had persisted at the select academy. There had been nothing else to do, Letty said, but travel Diane. So Diane was travelling. And now, six days later, in a railway cutting just outside Crowe Junction, Clive was telling Diane that he loved her. There was no question about Letty being furious.

"Shall we tell her?" Diane wondered. "Or leave her to find out?"

"We ought to tell her. Letty's a good sort. After all, Diane, we know *why* she's going to be furious, don't we? If a daughter of mine wanted to marry into the business I'd go hairless."

"But why?"

"Oh, my child! You've had a week of it. It's wonderful, glamorous, romantic, isn't it? But all the things that go with love and marriage just haven't any part in this crazy business. What about the cottage with roses round the door, or even a semi-detached at Surbiton? What about the car, and Sundays at Brighton or Maidenhead? There are times when I wish I'd been born a grocer!"

"Well, I don't!" Diane told him sturdily. "That profile would have been wasted selling soap. We've decided, then—we're going to tell her?"

"Might as well." Clive was grim. "But I'm not looking forward to it."

THE train started with a jerk. Clive straightened his tie and pushed back his hair, and they nervously made their way to Letty's compartment.

She was sitting with her feet on the opposite seat.

"Hallo, you two!" she greeted them. "We're going to be there at midnight if this goes on."

"We're due in at six ten," Clive said. "Call it eight."

"We change at Crowe Junction, don't we?" asked Diane.

"Everybody changes at Crowe Junction. I've been changing there most Sundays since I was in Jane's Juveniles." Letty hadn't told Diane, but there was a chance they would see Bozzy at Crowe Junction. She wondered what the meeting of Bozzy and his grown-up daughter would be like.

"The first thing I'm going to do tonight when we get in," she said, "is ring up your school. Maybe the plague's run its course by now. I don't want you to be trailing around the country indefinitely."

There was an instant's silence. "But, Letty, I—I don't think I *want* to go back there," Diane replied in a small voice.

Letty was giving herself new eyebrows. She



Bozzy Bayman, enormous and hearty, did not

didn't even pause in the process. "Don't talk utter nonsense, Diane! Of course, you want to go back."

"I don't, really. I—I want to marry Clive," said Diane timidly.

Letty finished her eyebrows. She pressed her fingers over her eyes a moment, as if to ease the strain, then looked up at them. There were tired lines about her mouth. She looked middle-aged and very serious.

"What are you two thinking about?" she wanted to know.

"We've talked about it," Diane said. "And about all this travelling business. But it doesn't make any difference to the way we feel."

Letty spoke to Clive. "She isn't nineteen yet, Clive."

"Don't rub it in, Letty. I know it's like cradle-snatching. But nothing like her will ever come my way again."

"And that's how I feel about Clive," Diane said, squeezing his hand.

They'd been wrong about Letty. She wasn't furious. She just felt stony about it. She didn't even expect them to understand her attitude. Twenty-five years ago she would have felt just like Diane. In fact, she had felt like it. There was a time when Boswell Bayman had made her heart leap just as Clive, no doubt, made Diane's leap now.

She was silent for so long that Clive, feeling the strain, said suddenly: "It isn't as if we



recognize Clive and he looked straight past his own daughter. "Letty, my darling!" he bellowed in his tremendous voice. "I never thought I'd see you!"

were always going to be like this, Letty."

"What do you mean?" Letty asked.

"Well, you know what Leason said to me last week. There'd be a big chance in his new West End show if only he could get somebody to back it."

"Oh, Clive darling! My precious infant!" Letty was laughing gently at him. "Leason's been going around with that story for the last twenty years! It just doesn't happen. The nearest you'll ever get to the West End is Kilburn Queen's, if you're lucky."

"Well, I might get a share in a resident show." Clive was still hopeful. "Whitsun till September at some little seaside place isn't too bad, and you can always make up on an autumn tour. We'd be able to have a house then. A flat, anyway."

"Listen to me, children! I've heard all this before—long, long before you two kids were born! I married your father in '28, Diane, at just the sort of seaside place you're talking about. He was taking out a show in the autumn and I was going to travel with him. Wasn't going to work—oh, no! But somehow that show didn't materialize. So I kept on working, and next thing I was touring up north while your father was hanging around agents' doorsteps trying to get himself a job."

Letty told the story wearily.

"We were going to save and have a little house. And we weren't going to work at Christmas the way most people do—oh, no! A little

dinner in Soho, then we'd go for Christmas Day to a friend of Bozzy's in Kennington who had two kids and a Christmas tree. But it didn't work out that way. Your father was Abanazar in Leeds and I was Princess So-Shi at York, and after the show on Saturday nights he'd catch a late train to spend the weekend with me."

"I think that's marvellous!" Diane said.

"It wears off. Believe me, you wouldn't think it was marvellous if you had to live through it."

LETTY put the finishing touches to her complexion and snapped her bag shut. Diane and Clive sat unhappily on the opposite seat. The train had pulled out of the cutting now, and through the rain-streaked windows they could see the streets of an unlovely town, with sidings and smoke-blackened huts beside the track.

"How would you like to be stuck in some God-forgotten suburb while Clive was away on a three-month tour?" she demanded.

"I might get in the same show," Diane said.

Letty jumped. "You don't mean—you're not thinking of coming into the business yourself? Don't tell me *that*!"

"I've always wanted to," Diane confessed.

"God forbid!" Letty said fervently.

"But I have. Even though you'd never let me come and see you, I've always been proud to think my mother was an actress."

"Well, I've never been called that before!"

She nodded towards the window. "Look at

it! Three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Roast beef and sprouts and potatoes; oh, boy! And here we are! I've had thirty years of it. In work and out. Months resting that eat up every penny you've saved. Back-street lodgings. Rehearsing on Mondays with gloves and coats on because you're half-frozen, or else putting everything you've got over a Saturday night audience in July and passing out in a dead faint as soon as your act's finished. And what's at the end of it? Nothing! Who knows me? Nobody! Letty Bayman, just another old-timer!"

"But you wouldn't change it for anything else on earth, Letty," Clive said. "You know you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't?" She looked at him. "Wouldn't I?"

And then, staring mournfully at her daughter: "I wish you'd never left that damn school."

"I couldn't stay and get mumps."

"I'd rather you had mumps than what you've got now."

"Then the answer's a definite no?" asked Clive.

"I'm sorry. I've nothing to do with what happens when she's of age. As far as that goes, there's nothing to stop you going over my head to Bozzy. But you know the way I feel about it."

"There's nothing to stop me going over both

your heads and getting a magistrate's consent," Clive said unhappily. "But I wouldn't do that. I wanted you to feel happy about things. We'll have to wait, that's all."

She looked over his head at her daughter. The girl's eyes were so sad, the lovely young mouth drooping. Some day, Diane might thank her for this. Clive was a good boy—oh, yes! Full of promise. . . . But Diane, an actress! God forbid! Letty said to herself again. An architect or an engineer; that's who she ought to marry. Even a grocer. Anything steady.

There was an hour to wait at Crowe Junction. They crowded into the refreshment room.

"I didn't tell you," Letty said despondently to Diane, "but there's a chance you'll see Bozzy."

"Daddy? Really? Oh, I do hope so!"

"Ships that pass at the junction. . . . He's going to Aberdeen." She looked at Clive, as one old trouper to another. "Randolph Drew's *Festival Cruise*. Lovely show—Bozzy's lucky."

"Is Daddy a good actor?" Diane wanted to know.

"He's a good knockabout comic. Don't ask me if that's the same thing—I wouldn't know."

They heard the shriek of a whistle. A train was rumbling in through the drizzle.

"Perhaps Daddy won't bother getting out," Diane said.

"He will. Everybody changes at Crowe Junction. I never heard of a train going straight through. Well, let's be getting over."

THEY crossed the bridge. No. 5 was crowded. Somebody else's Eight Lovelies, looking rather like tired shopgirls waiting for the Putney bus after a sales rush, were bearing down on the refreshment room. A tall gentleman, elegantly clad in grey, was standing a little apart from the others but regarding them with a fatherly eye.

And a man with a large cigar and a ruby ring and a rather shabby overcoat was asking a porter about the Aberdeen train. He had a big red face and a red bulbous nose and a tremendous voice.

"Bozzy Bayman!" Clive murmured to himself. "The same old Bozzy!"

But Bozzy did not recognize him. He did not even recognize his own daughter. He was looking past them at Letty.

"Letty, my darling!" he bellowed. "I never thought I'd see you!"

It seemed absurd to see Letty caught into the grasp of that enormous, hearty man. Absurd to think she could ever have married him or that he could be the father of Diane.

"Six hours from Plymouth! I ask you, six hours! What a journey! Plymouth to Aberdeen—what management! Letty, my dear, I'm fed up with this filthy business! I was going to write, but never do! There's a snug little pub, Letty, near Lewes. . . . Ideal place, ab-so-lutely ideal! Ingoing two thousand. The very place we've been looking for all our lives! Well, what about it?"

They looked and listened. Clive and Diane, feeling like complete outsiders. Letty smiled, a doubtful smile. "It sounds fine, Bozzy, but. . . ."

"Out with it, old lady!"

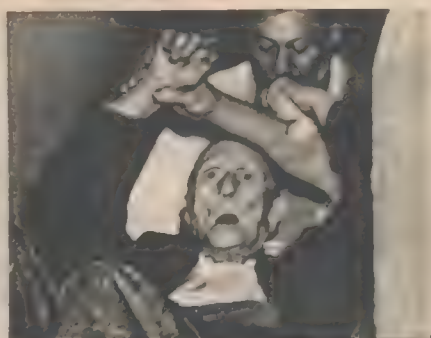
"Well, darling, the truth is that Cardwell was in front last week at Steeple Hempstead. He's putting on a new road show and thinks he could use my act. He's a big man, Cardwell. Maybe there'd be West End managers seeing the show. It may be a chance, you know."

Bozzy Bayman nodded. "I know—I know!" He sighed regretfully. "As a matter of fact I was talking to Rosenberger last week at the Palladian. Took me into his office for a drink. 'Bozzy,' he says to me, 'you're wasting your talents, old man. Trailing around the provinces when you ought to be in Town.'"

Bozzy puffed at his enormous cigar. "As I told Rosenberger, the provinces like me and I like the provinces. But a suitable offer—well, I might consider it!"

Clive was trying to read Letty's eyes, but they were unfathomable. Amusement, bitterness? He couldn't tell. But she suddenly nodded

THE CASE OF THE MADNESS BREAD



A man who had eaten the bread. Screaming and fighting, he is carried to hospital

LAST YEAR, Pont-Saint-Esprit became the most notorious town in France. Rotten flour used by a local baker spread a tragic, frightening epidemic of madness.

A young girl said she was flying over enormous singing flowers that clutched at her dress . . . an old woman saw a huge, silver-shod horse lashing its fiery tail at a sky swarming with bees . . . to quench the "flaming snakes" in his stomach, a young man plunged into the river.

The full story of this strange epidemic, so far as it is known today, is brilliantly told by W. E. Armstrong in a reconstruction starting in JOHN BULL next week.



Also in next week's issue: an intimate word picture by Ian Bevan of ANNE SHELTON, the singer who returned from America a star.

towards them. "That's your daughter, Boswell. I don't know if you remember Diane? And her friend, Clive Byron."

"Diane? My little Di? Never! I don't believe it!" He held her at arms' length, then crushed her to his vast bosom as he had crushed Letty a minute before. "Diane! You're as lovely as your mother was at your age, and that's the best thing I could ever say for you."

He clapped his hand on Clive's shoulder, seeming to take for granted the fact that Clive and Diane were what he and Letty had been all those years ago. "And you're a lucky lad, let me tell you! Clive Byron! I remember you when you were four. Sitting on your old dad's dress-basket in the star room at Manchester Kings. Ah, he was a grand man, old Johnny Byron!"

Bozzy turned to the elegant, grey-clad gentleman who was passing by. "Randolph! You know my wife. . . . Everybody knows my wife, bless her! And this is my daughter, Diane. Diane, Mr. Randolph Drew, a great name in our business, my dear. . . . And her fiancé, old Johnny Byron's son. Chip off the old block, eh?"

Randolph Drew treated them to a series of curt nods. "We're due out in ten minutes," he said. "Can we get a drink anywhere?"

"Not for me," Clive said. He wanted to be

alone with Diane. "Not for me," Diane said. She wanted to be alone with Clive.

"We've a week out," said Bozzy, "after the fifteenth. Where will you be, Letty?"

She thought a moment. "Swanstown Empire."

"Good, I'll come down. We'll have a grand reunion, my dear. A whole week together!"

"I'll be back at school by then," Diane said in a small, mournful voice.

"School? School. . . ?" Bozzy was puzzled.

"Yes, Boswell," Letty patiently explained. "You should know. You pay half the fees."

"Bless me, so I do! Never mind—tell 'em you're leaving. Time we all had a holiday. A long, carefree week. Nothing like getting together."

"I've been thinking that for twenty-five years," Letty agreed cynically.

IT was still raining when the West Appleforth train pulled wheezily out of Crowe Junction. "I'm sorry, Letty," Clive was saying. "Dear old Bozzy! He was always good at jumping to conclusions."

"Bozzy never thinks," Letty said. "That's why he's so happy. He'll have forgotten all about everything by now. Even forgotten he's got a wife and daughter, I shouldn't wonder. Well," she went on, speaking now only to Diane, "you've had a first-class exhibition of married bliss in the theatre. Now d'you see what I was getting at? Suppose you married Clive. What sort of a life would it be for you?"

"If we'd had that little flat—" began Diane.

"I've got a flat. I couldn't tell you what colour the front door's painted."

"It's no use talking about things now," Clive said. "Not for a bit, anyway. But I think we could have made out, Letty, honestly I do."

"Of course we would," Diane was listless, wretched with disappointment. "Somehow, we'd have got together."

"That's what I said twenty years ago."

"But things are different now."

"I said that, too."

She leaned back against the hard, dusty seat. Letty Bayman, Youth and Charm! She suddenly felt very old, as if all the world's disillusionments and disappointments and broken dreams were pressing her down.

"Very well," she said, the words almost a whisper.

"Letty!" Clive came over and sat beside her. He hadn't seen her like this before, her face white, her eyes almost closed. "Letty, what's wrong?"

"Nothing. I know when I'm licked, that's all."

She smiled at him with a touch of her old cynicism. "Swanstown on the fifteenth, and Bozzy's coming down if he doesn't forget. You could get married there."

"Letty, darling, you don't mean that?" shouted Clive.

"Letty, you're a peach!" said Diane.

"I'm not. I still think you're a couple of first-class fools. But so was I. I can't fight human nature." She dabbed her eyes. "You could have the Hove flat for your honeymoon. It might as well be put to some good use for once."

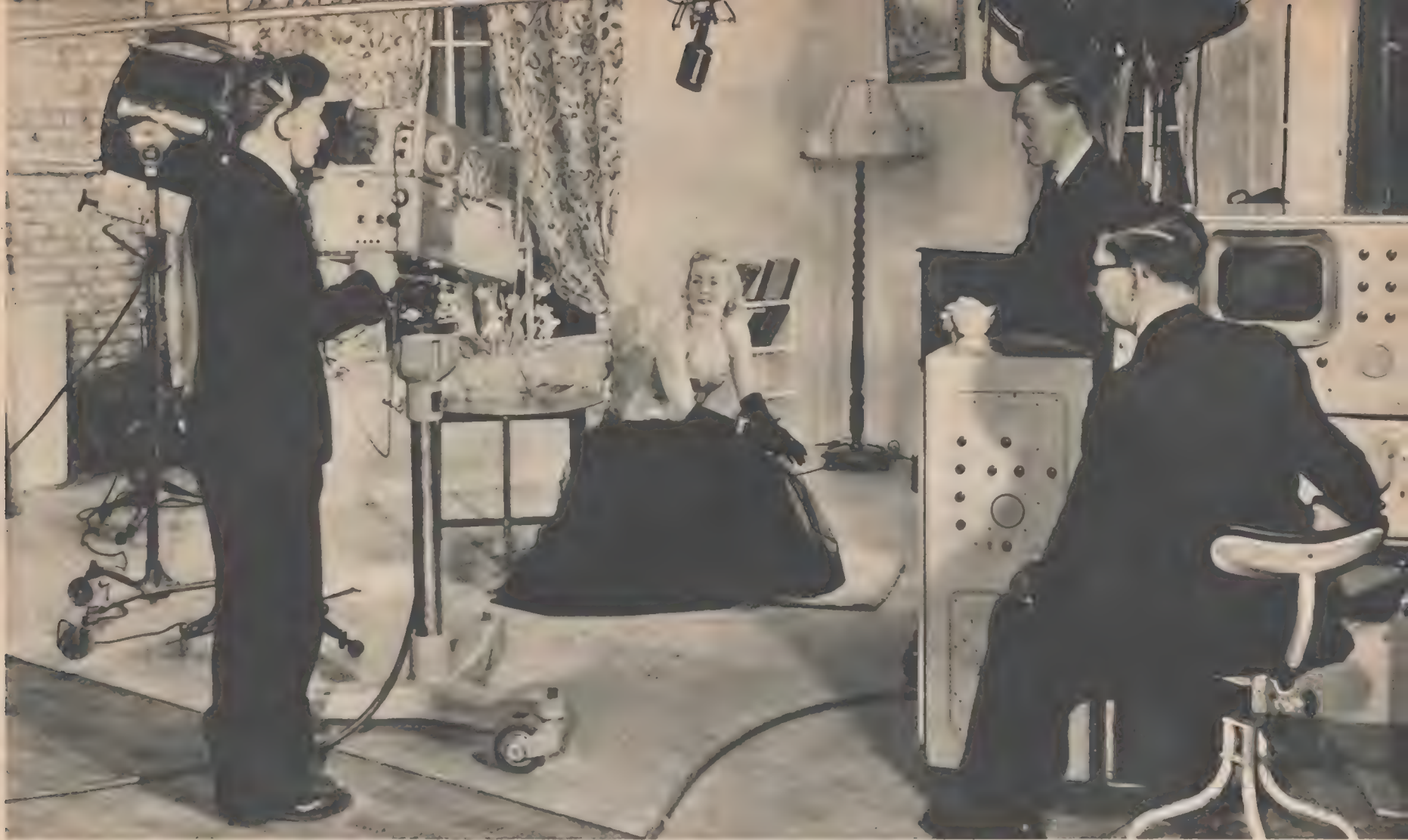
They fell over her, hugging her, kissing her. "Come on!" Clive said. "Let's go and tell everybody the news."

He took Diane's hand, pulling her out of the compartment. Long after they had gone, Letty sat there alone. Tears were streaming down her face, and she let them stream. At last she dried her eyes and went into the corridor. Farther down the coach, pandemonium had broken loose.

The Shannon Peaches were triumphantly chanting the wedding march. She could see Diane's face, so radiantly young and happy. And Clive's, handsome and strong. She liked Clive. He was so sure of himself, so sure of their future. A good boy, Clive.

She leaned against the corridor wall, biting her knuckles. It was beginning all over again, God bless them.

THE END



Actress Barbara Hamilton is colour-televized by Thompson, seated at control panel. The day will come, he says, when doctors will diagnose by TV

TV's Colour Wizard

by W. G. GREATOREX

Starting where the rainbow ends, Reginald Thompson puts out three-in-one pictures in search of the elusive perfect image

SHORTLY AFTER TEN O'CLOCK one Sunday morning in August, 1949, a stocky, bespectacled man left his home in Cambridge for a laboratory on the other side of the town. "I'll expect you," said his wife good-humouredly, "when I see you."

For more than three months, Reginald Thompson, thirty-seven year old former R.A.F. radar technician, had worked long and uncertain hours with six colleagues trying to produce television pictures in colour. Often, they stayed overnight tinkering with cathode-ray tubes, lenses and colour filters in their cramped back room. During one difficult experiment, Thompson began at eight o'clock on a Wednesday morning and kept at it until the early hours of Friday. On this occasion, however, the session was brief. "We knew when we broke up on the Saturday night that we had almost done it," relates Thompson.

When the last man arrived, the door of the makeshift laboratory, a sealed-off section of a radio and television research department, was locked from the inside. A small but powerful lighting system was switched on, and one man started manipulating the controls of a wired maze that was surmounted by an ordinary television screen. At the same time, a camera similar to those used by the B.B.C. for outside

broadcasts was focused on a colour photograph of a holiday girl cut from a magazine. In front of both screen and camera, coloured discs rotated by small motors were held. In hopeful silence, the seven watched the screen flicker into light. Then it came—an image of the holiday girl, ill-defined and muddily blue-green. "The colours," Thompson recalls, "were terrible, but nothing we have done since has pleased me more. To me, our first colour picture was shattering."

Red-Blue-Green Pictures

Since then, Thompson and his colleagues—employed by Pye, and led by Leslie Germany, who, at thirty-one, is prominent among the world's television experts—have worked in greater comfort and less secrecy, improving what they call the "field sequential" system. This involves the transmission in quick succession of three separate pictures—in red, blue and green—via filters attached to camera and cathode-ray tube. These are kept in step by the signal accompanying the image. Instead of seeing three representations of the subject in the primary colours, however, the viewer is conscious of only one picture where everything appears in its correct shade from red through orange, yellow, green and blue to violet.

Among television engineers, this system—it

puts out seventy-five pictures a second against the twenty-five in black-and-white transmissions—is regarded as the simplest of the five known techniques. It is a development of the method used by John Logie Baird to produce coloured images in 1928, and is used today by the Columbia Broadcasting System in America.

It was after Leslie Germany had called on Dr. Peter Goldmark, Columbia's colour-television authority, who formerly worked in Britain, that the Cambridge firm decided to go ahead. In the spring of 1949, Charles Orr Stanley, Pye's chairman, told his executives one morning: "I want to surprise the Radio Exhibition this year and put on colour." One by one, Thompson and the others were let into the secret.

"We had four months to do it," Thompson recalls nostalgically. "It was just the job we had wanted to tackle for years." The research team knew there were practical and political, as well as technical, difficulties in the way of a colour TV service in Britain. Already, the radio industry and the B.B.C. had made it clear that they regarded colour-optimism as a brake on the present expansion of the television audience. The Government's capital expenditure policy was also an important obstruction. "Nevertheless," says Thompson, "we all felt there was plenty at stake. We knew, too, that colour TV would have other uses besides entertainment."

Nowadays, Thompson divides his time between advanced experiments, operating the colour equipment, and demonstrating the system to "anybody who shows interest." To date, he has colour-televized surgical operations, dentistry, several industrial processes and nine mannequin parades.

Some months ago, Thompson and his assistants went to a London teaching hospital. They placed the camera on a platform overlooking the operating table, and set up the monitor and four receivers in a lecture-room which presently filled up with student nurses.

Self-consciously, and a little afraid of what he was about to see, Thompson manipulated the picture into focus. The operating-theatre

scene came up, magnified, clear and colourful, but he was so engrossed as a technician that it did not upset him. Five of the student nurses collapsed. Thompson stayed, peering at his monitor. He has since televised many operations. "Now," he says, "I'm quite inured to watching surgeons at work in full colour."

On one occasion, during a delicate eye operation, Thompson produced a picture which magnified the optic nerve to a hundred times its normal size. Next to him, in the viewing-room, sat a specialist. "I think we proved," says Thompson, "that the day will come when a consultant will tune in to a picture of a patient in some distant hospital and give a diagnosis from what he sees."

Thompson's public demonstrations have been less spectacularly promising because of the problems still to be resolved over the use of colour television for popular entertainment. But public interest has been lively ever since the Cambridge team beat their deadline in 1949 by putting colour into the Radio Exhibition.

Purple Is "Lost"

During one recent showing put on for a colour expert, the visitor remarked on the quality of the tints. He had not noticed, until Thompson pointed it out, that the purple was not true. "Obviously, in using three primary colours, we must lose something—and it is the purple-mauve range."

For his tests, Thompson uses such colourful subjects as children's balloons, goldfish, tropical fish and budgerigars, women's dresses and vases of flowers. He was so painstaking at one session in his hangar-like laboratory that an impressed onlooker indicated the evolving screen-reproduction of a rust chrysanthemum tinged with yellow and remarked: "The man's an artist."

At another showing, Thompson took enormous care in setting up the colours against the spectrum chart, and ultimately got what he considered a nicely balanced image of the subject, a well-dressed mannequin. Two women spectators gazed at the mannequin, then at the screen, and came to the conclusion that the picture was "wishy-washy." This was not the first time colour precision had been wasted.

"Reg altered the picture," relates a colleague. "He gave them saturation colours that were gaudy but untrue. They preferred them that way." It was at another mannequin parade that Thompson captured the delicate ice-blue of a shimmering gown so exactly that he still talks about it as a landmark in his career. "It was," he recalls, "just about perfect." He has studied colour photography and colorimetry, the science of colour-performance which explains what happens when a white light is broken down into its rainbow-hued components.

Secret Search Goes On

Today, some fifty of Britain's top television engineers, employed by the B.B.C. and leading manufacturers, are searching in varying degrees of secrecy for the elusive, perfect colour picture. What they are after, says Thompson, is the sort of system "Grandma can afford and operate." It must also be "compatible."

By this, the trade means that it must deal in pictures that can also be picked up in black and white on existing sets. "This is the first essential," asserts Thompson, "though once colour arrives I can't imagine anybody being satisfied with ordinary pictures."

There was an instance of this at a radio show not long ago. Thompson, calling on business, took his wife and seven-year-old son, Vernon; and while he was working, they walked around. As they approached one stand, which carried the notice, "Come and See Yourself Televised," the eager demonstrator said: "Like to see yourself on the screen, sonny?"

"In colour?" came the prompt reply.

"Or black and white?"

"Black and white, of course."

"No thanks," retorted Vernon, with a superior air. "I've seen myself on colour television." THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

I WAS acting as scorer in a game of bowls in the back garden of my father's pub, the Queen's Hotel, Whittington Moor, near Chesterfield, when this photograph was taken. At the time I was not aware of the incongruity of the cloth cap and the Eton collar and the knee breeches. Indeed, I was rather proud of myself for being part of the grown-ups' game.

Bowls and billiards were my passions, particularly billiards. We had a full-sized table, and I learned to play when I was eleven. I made my first break of 100 when I was twelve, and I beat all the adults to win the Chesterfield and District Amateur Cup when I was thirteen.

All my spare time was spent practising. I used to start before breakfast, which made me late for school. So I often had to bribe prefects not to put my name down as late. It cost me a halfpenny a time.

I was always annoyed when I came home to find some of my father's customers playing, but I hid my feelings. I would assume an angelic countenance and offer to act as marker. When the players were not looking, I used to increase their scores, and they found they had finished their game rather more quickly than they had intended. Then I got the table for myself.

My black day was Monday, for my father's friend, the butcher, had that day off each week, and he came to play on our table. Father and he would start playing at ten in the morning and would go right



on, past my bedtime, and I never got a chance to play.

Leaving school when my father joined the Army in 1914, I went to help in the local billiards saloon. It was run by Ernest Rudge, one of the best players and teachers in the Midlands. He taught me how to play well, but if he caught me fooling about, he applied the worst punishment he knew. He locked up my cue and would not let me play. That kept me a good lad.

It is said that to play billiards well is a sign of an ill-spent youth, but I don't think that was altogether true of mine.

Now he plays billiards very well indeed. For his name, turn to page 34

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Continued from page 11

tell our dad to get this for me, did you?" Charlie said.

Maudie looked at her feet. "Course not, silly."

"Did he ask you what I wanted?" Charlie persisted.

"No. He just said what sort of hunting did you want to do, and I told him all the kinds I know."

"Autograph hunting as well?"

Maudie shrugged. "I just sort of mentioned it—but I told him about the rabbits and pheasants. He thought you might go breaking Mr. Brockenditch's new greenhouses, though."

"How did our dad know he's got new greenhouses?"

"I just happened to tell him," Maudie said, uncomfortably. Then, enthusiastically: "I bet we can find all kinds of famous people in the town this morning. Give us the book. I'll make the first entry—'By hook or by crook I'll be first in this book. . . .'"

Maudie wrote with a stub of pencil against the door-post, then signed her name with a flourish. "There! 'Maudie Pontweed'!"

"Maudie. . . ." Mrs. Pontweed had appeared at the door, a plate in one hand, wiping cloth in the other. "Don't forget what I told you last night—you're not to worry people with that book."

Maudie shook her head. "Oh, no, Mum. Only the important ones. They're used to it. Come on, Charlie. . . ."

As Charlie followed his sister to the gate, he had the feeling that his birthday had been pre-arranged from the start. Still, he wanted to make the most of his present and Maudie seemed to know exactly how to do that.

Saturday morning Sparrowswick was

thronged with important people, though hardly any of them were famous. There were shoppers and visitors and market stalls by the pavement's edge. Art students, too; young men in coloured shirts and young women in hopsack and half-length slacks.

An elderly gentleman dressed in elderly clothes and leaning on a stick watched the work of one such artist at the corner of Market Street and High Street. His expression was tactfully non-committal, for he had made an equal mess of the arts in his time, though with him it was acting.

"Autograph, sir?"

THE old man was a little startled, flustered, and then flattered to see Maudie standing there with book and pencil, Charlie at her side, diffident but not very interested. This was not Charlie's idea of good hunting.

"Bless my soul!" The old gentleman was a little deaf and had not heard Maudie speak, but he knew only too well what she wanted. It took him back to times when he had left the stage door and been mistaken for the lead.

"Autograph, certainly. Certainly." He fumbled a pair of spectacles on to the bridge of his nose and took the book from the girl.

He searched for something important to write. "Sir Martin Welch. . . ." he muttered, biting the pencil and remembering how close he had been to fame during that run at the Queen's in 1910. The closeness had been only geographical as it turned out. "Fame is a roll of tickets," he said, his eyes lighting for a moment as he recalled the great man's words. "Fame is a roll of tickets, failure a critic's indigestion."

"Will you put it down?" Maudie was uncertain what it meant, but quite

sure that this must be Sir Martin Welch himself.

He wrote on the second page, which was yellow, putting inverted commas round the quotation and signing it "Sir Martin Welch." Then in one corner he wrote: "Harry Kooch." And he handed the book back.

"Thank you, sir," Maudie said, elated at the sight of what she felt must be a famous name right on the next page to the one she had signed "Maudie Pontweed."

Mr. Harry Kooch was as pleased as the girl, and he felt in his pocket for change. Whether acknowledged by the world or not, greatness was implicit in his personality and there was no fooling the autograph hunters. He gave Charlie a pat and a shilling and passed on.

Maudie was still studying the page. "I wonder why he put two names?" she murmured. "He must be incognito."

Her display of knowledge was lost on Charlie, who now stood looking thoughtfully at the coin in the palm of his hand.

Maudie turned the yellow page and her glance fell on the young artist. "Would you like to write something for us?" she asked.

The student artist finished a mass of humanity in sea-green and then looked at the children. "H'm?"

"Could I have your autograph? If it's not too much trouble?" Maudie spoke with emphasis, aware that the young man's mind was not yet at pavement level.

The artist took the book but disdained the pencil. Instead, he produced a piece of charcoal from his top pocket.

"Are you famous?" Charlie inquired, officiously.

"I'm going to be, sonny," the young man said.

"When?" Charlie asked.

Maudie nudged Charlie and shook her head at him.

The young artist tried to think of something to write, and failed. Then his gaze focused on Charlie.

"I'll do a sketch for you," he offered.

"That would be lovely," Maudie said.

Charlie did not like the objective way he was being studied. "What of?" he asked truculently.

"You," the young man said, applying himself to the first lightning strokes. "Keep still and keep scowling—we don't want any unnatural expression to creep in, do we? . . . There . . . there . . . there." The three words accompanied heavy and essential charcoal lines. He shaded here and there, turned the nose up a little more, captured a slightly outraged gleam in one eye, added striped tie and school badge to the pocket of the jacket and then he was finished.

"It's ever so good!" Maudie said.

The artist put his head to one side, critically. "It is, isn't it?" There was a definite style there, a technique. He had never tried portrait sketching of a spontaneous nature before and had only attempted it now because there was no adult criticism to face.

Charlie grinned at the sketch, then glanced disparagingly at the painting on the easel. "Why don't you stick to drawing people?" he suggested.

"I think you've got something there," the young man said.

"Will you sign it?" Maudie asked.

The student signed it willingly, the signature being quite professionally undecipherable. "Here," he said, as the children turned away. "Buy yourselves an ice-cream."

Charlie pocketed a sixpence along with the shilling. Now he was beginning to take an interest. "Who's the next on the list?" he said.

By one o'clock Maudie had quite a satisfactory selection of autographs and Charlie had a useful collection of small silver.

Never before had one of Charlie's possessions given so much pleasure to other people; often it was quite the reverse, especially where grown-ups were concerned. It seemed that most grown-ups liked to be singled out by

"They've got something, - these kids"

The energy! On the go, morning till night! There must be something in that Weetabix the kids rave about so! And mind, when you start the children on Weetabix, you've solved the breakfast problem for the whole family too! No more "haven't time" and "can't be bothered"! It's so crispy and good—and so easy to serve (Dad loves it with marmalade). Everyone starts the day brimful of whole-wheat energy—an end to that 'fagged' feeling in the middle of the morning.



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is such a change

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causing impurities from the tiniest crevices in your teeth.

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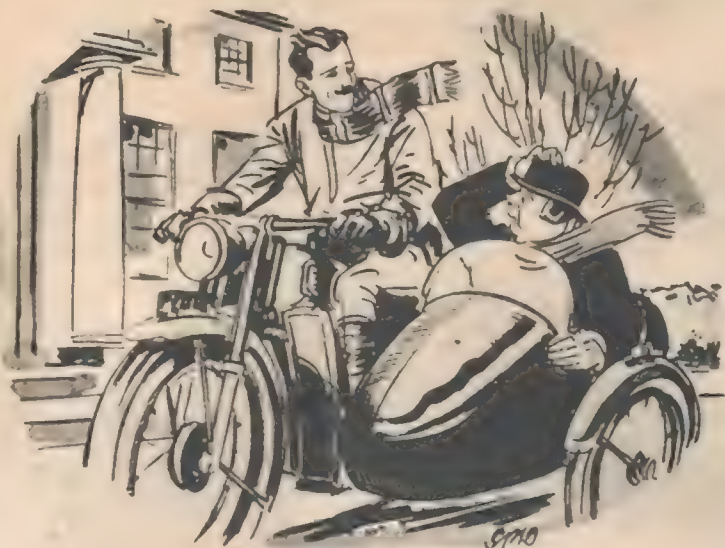
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Red, green and blue cases—so you always know your own

Months of perfect teeth-cleaning in every tin!

GD 317C-454



USEFUL COMBINATION

"Do you ever feel, sir, that the sale of your car was ill-considered?"

"Nonsense, Hawkins, motor cycling appeals to my Spartan streak. Rugged defiance of the elements, ice-cold air coursing through the lungs — you follow me?"

"I do, sir."

"Not to mention the astronom-

ical saving in running costs. Enough to buy ourselves one thousand six hundred and seven glasses of gin and Rose's Lime Juice per annum."

"Then, sir, if your figures are correct . . ."

"To the village, Hawkins, with 'effortless speed.' We must invest at once in a month's supply of gin and Rose's."

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A  COMPANY

children with autograph books, liked to be thought a little more important than their fellows and liked to perpetuate their signatures in association with some favourite quotation or philosophy.

They sat on the steps of the town hall. Maudie was flipping over the pages of the book, but Charlie, although staring at his birthday present, was heavily preoccupied.

"I'm coming back after dinner," he announced, suddenly.

Maudie was anxious. "I'll come with you."

"I'm coming with Reg," Charlie said, ungraciously.

"Well, don't let anybody scribble in it, will you?" Maudie was concerned only for the book, which she had come to regard as her own.

"In what?"

"The book, of course."

"You can have that," Charlie said, nonchalantly.

"Can I? Honest?" Maudie's face lightened, then fell. "But it's your birthday present."

"Well, you can fill it up for me," Charlie said, which was really the same thing as giving it to her.

Maudie was thrilled. "Oh, thank you, our Charlie, ever so much."

Charlie viewed his sister's delight and excitement with a calculating interest; she had been so engrossed in collecting autographs that she seemed to have missed the major attraction altogether. She did not realize how much money Charlie had collected, and now that the book was virtually hers she appeared to have forgotten the money. Charlie did not remind her. After all, Maudie had already had her share of his birthday and now it was his turn.

THE long beams of the late afternoon sun turned the wooded slopes and valleys of Sparrowswick Heath into a sharp-lined study in light and shade. The tall green bracken massed around the shrubs and trees like a fitted carpet with here and there patches of brown, yellow and red.

Charlie and Reg lay unnaturally motionless and silent where the bracken fringed a grassy glade under a sweet-chestnut tree. Charlie's finger was tense on the trigger of a gun—a new gun with a shining black barrel. It rested steadily on Reg's arm, a bright brown butt pressed closely and lovingly into Charlie's shoulder; a nine-and-six-penny gun loaded with a deadly lead slug.

At that moment their eyes were on a patch of long grass, where it moved. Just before they had seen something flash out of the bushes. There had been a short, sharp scuffle like two rabbits fighting, but now it seemed that the animals had become aware of the hunters and had flattened themselves to the earth. Then, slowly, something showed black against the grass and Charlie's finger tightened.

"Stop!" Reg cried. "It's a cat!"

For a moment Charlie's acute anticipation battled with his humane instincts; then he sighed as his instincts won. It was then that the unpredictable but all too familiar catastrophe

happened; Reg had got to his knees intending to crawl forward and investigate, when his sleeve caught the front sight on the barrel and jerked the gun forward against Charlie's trigger finger. The gun went off with a sharp plop and Reg leapt out into the glade with a loud howl, clutching his arm. The cat, alarmed, retreated into the bushes.

Charlie was horrified, seeing in a flash the dark, immediate and inescapable future. He followed his brother out of the bracken, leaving the gun on the ground, instantly disassociating himself from it.

"Where did it shoot you?" Charlie inquired, sympathetically.

Reg was taking his jacket off, withdrawing his arm from the sleeve with awful apprehension. There was a slowly spreading patch of blood on his shirt sleeve just above the elbow. He rolled up the sleeve as though he were raising the curtain on the last ghastly act of a horror play.

"Is the slug still in?" Charlie whispered.

Reg licked his wound in order to see its extent. "No," he said, and his tone held disappointment and anticlimax, for of all the things that had happened to him at one time or another this was the first time he had been shot. The slug had merely cut the skin for a quarter of an inch in passing; the wound was slight but the blood kept coming and made up for it.

"Keep licking it," Charlie instructed, "then you needn't tell our mum."

"What about the stain on me shirt?" Reg pointed out. He appreciated Charlie's position, but there was no glory in a wound if you couldn't talk about it afterwards.

Charlie bound his brother's arm with a folded handkerchief, then went to retrieve the gun. "I bet our dad'll take the slugs away like he took the elastic off your catapult," he said despondently.

But something in the grass had caught Reg's attention as he was putting on his jacket. "Charlie!" he shouted. "A rabbit! The cat must have killed it."

Reg lifted the small, dead creature from the ground and Charlie joined him, his face a mixture of pity, wonder and overwhelming joy. Charlie took the rabbit from his brother and dangled it by its back legs, tucking the gun under his other arm. This was just as he had visualized himself all along. He may not have killed the rabbit, but the implication was there.

"It'll do for dad's supper," he said. "Come on."

And as they walked back across the heath, Reg with his arm tucked Napoleon fashion in his coat, Charlie began preparing his defence. When he came to think about it, if they hadn't bought him the autograph book he wouldn't have been able to get the gun and shoot Reg. His parents might not view it quite like that, but the rabbit was a peace offering, and another thing . . . it was still his birthday. He brightened at once. In the excitement he'd almost forgotten that. They couldn't do anything to anybody on their birthday.

THE END

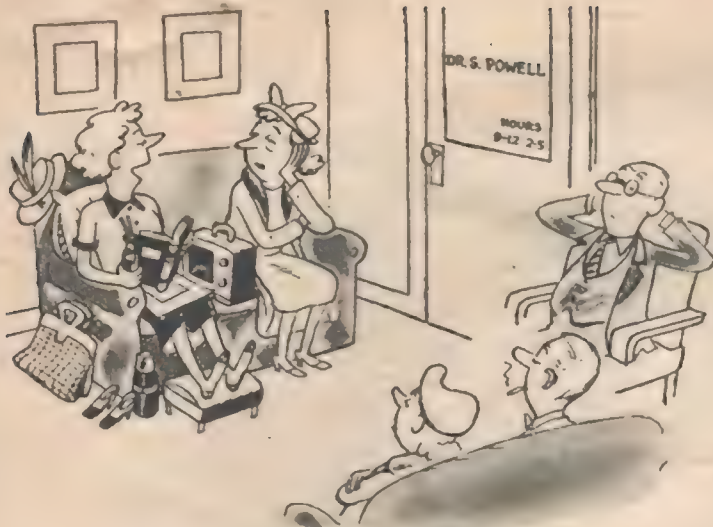
NOW YOU KNOW

IF you want good coffee, you should grind the beans just before making it. Don't buy too much at a time, and keep it in a tightly closed tin or jar. Turn this upside down occasionally so that natural oils remain with the beans and do not sink to the bottom. Coffee will keep its flavour better if it is stored in a refrigerator.

The amount you use in your brew is a matter of taste, but it's a point often ignored by many people. The measure



should be roughly two to three level tablespoons full of ground coffee to every half-pint of freshly boiled water. Remove the grounds when the coffee is made.



"I've been here before"

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

Continued from page 14

quickly into a full-size street row began inside a shop. The owner was a stout woman who had draped herself in quite a dozen knitted garments, each one visible at least in part, but she was still cold and irritable. She spoke her mind to two men who had just confronted her with a polite request.

"But we've been measured," she protested. "We was done last week. I don't care if you're the Government or the whole bally Lord Mayor's Show, we've been measured for the rates. If they go up again I can't pay them. You'd think Hitler had won, the way you carry on."

Her strong voice echoed clearly through the unglazed window, and a small man in the queue spat casually into the gutter.

"Say Russia," he remarked succinctly.

"This 'ere Jack 'Avoc ain't no Russian," remarked the fishmonger, half overbearing as he slapped a piece of plaice into the open newspaper which an old woman held out for him. "He's home produce, like what this is. Run along, Ma, and read all about it by the fire. 'Ave a warm for me."

In the shop the woman was still grumbling. "I'm sick and tired of officials. All over the house they went, only last week."

The taller of her two visitors, a thin, mild-looking person in horn-rimmed spectacles, regarded her anxiously. Mr. Campion's position was delicate. He had been forced into making the inquiry without police aid, since he was still half convinced that Levett was engaged on some misguided business of his own. This had involved getting the band's address from some very unofficial quarters, and now that at last he had it, it proved to be unspecific. He had understood that the entrance to the cellar was through the back of the shop. He was regretting that he had chosen to introduce himself as a surveyor from the rating authority, but his chief worry was a sudden premonition that urgency was vitally important.

He glanced at his companion, and Mr. Lugg—ex-batman and now family retainer of the Campions—impressively immense in mackintosh and derby, took it for an invitation to assist. He thrust a sheaf of old income-tax forms at the lady.

"You can't be awkward, not with a dear old lovely face like you've got," he began, with somewhat heavy gallantry. "You're goin' to be 'elpful, my dear, that's what you are."

"You leave me face alone. I've 'ad it all me life and I don't want to 'ear about it. Go on, push off. Go and measure next door."

Mr. Campion coughed. "It's the cellar, ma'am," he began in a confidential tone. "Our people made a slip and forgot to enter the measurements of the

cellar, so we've had to send down again."

"Wasting my taxes! Two of you to measure a cellar. No. I won't give you the key. It's not my place to. My tenants leave their key with me when they go out to work. There it is, hanging on the wall. You touch it and I'll call the cops." She paused blankly and they all stood looking at a large and naked nail sticking out of the green matchboarding of the wall. "It's gone . . .," she exclaimed. "Who's took it?" and turned on Lugg, bristling with suspicion.

The fat man, taken by surprise, was very hurt. "Search me, missus."

"I might if I had the time." Her bright eyes took in his great bulk with wicked amusement. "What are you carrying about with you? The dome of St. Paul's?"

"Ho! Who's talking, eh?" As the insult went home he forgot all caution. "Margot Fonteyn of the Covent Garden Ballet, I suppose."

It was absurd. The purely cockney quarrel, personal and infantile, flared in an instant. Her woollen bosom swelled, her face grew plum-coloured, and she raised an earth-stained hand to cuff him. Then, restraining herself as something better occurred to her, she leaned out over a pile of gleaming oranges and shouted "Police!" at the top of her voice.

MUCH to her embarrassment a constable heard her. He was immediately outside the shop, his smooth blue back not a yard away. Moreover, he was delighted to attend to her, for while the argument in the shop had been taking place, a second and much more noisy clash had occurred in the queue. It had begun with an unlikely argument on the probability of Jack Havoc turning out to have originated in Eastern Europe, and had blazed into flame when a fuzzy-haired woman had taken exception to the word "Russian" being used as a term of disparagement. She spoke fluently and loudly but not very pertinently, whereupon the fishmonger, affronted at hearing himself described as a "futile little bourgeois," turned savagely upon her and called her "a bloodstained Bolshevik conscientious objector" to her face.

Instantly, as at a signal, everyone within earshot began to air his own strongest views upon the subject nearest to his heart, and the policeman strode over from his corner.

This officer was not a young man. His gingery hair was thinning and he was tired after a long, cold night. His mere presence did not quieten the row as it ought to have done, and his warning "Ere, 'ere, 'ere," stood in danger of being ignored.

He was relieved, therefore, when the cry behind him from enclosed premises made his duty both plain and comparatively peaceful. He turned at once and stepped into the shop.

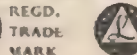
"Now, then. Now, then. What's



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going on here?" His powerful voice reached the queue easily, and the words, promising an interesting diversion, worked the charm which had misfired before. The shouting group ceased its noise abruptly and pressed hopefully after him.

The shopkeeper was overwhelmed by the sudden limelight. Her anger vanished and she became reasonable, if over-anxious to justify herself. Her explanations were voluble but perfectly clear. When she had done, the constable glanced from the officials to the nail.

"What gives you the idea the key's lost at all?" he inquired placidly. "Are they out yet? I've not seen them go by."

This was altogether too much of an anticlimax. The woman's hand flew to her heart with the easy histrionics of her kind.

"And it's past nine! Oh, my gord, officer, that stove! I've warned them time and again. I saw a bit in the paper once. A whole family dead in the morning, suffocated from a coke stove just like that."

"Don't say that, Mother, don't," the constable protested. "Much more likely having a lay-in. I don't blame them on a morning like this."

Mr. Campion saw his chance. "All the same," he said firmly, "I think you'd be justified in looking, officer," and added, in the confidential whisper of one servant of the State to another: "I ought just to run a tape over the place if I could."

The constable hesitated. It was not a district in which visitors were appreciated, and he still had some time to serve in it. On the other hand, his ears had already caught the whisper hissing through the fog behind them. "Twenty of them, laid out like sheep. Just like an air-raid. Dial nine-nine-nine."

"I can't admit you, you know that," he muttered to Campion, "but if you was to follow me, I don't suppose I should stop you."

He turned on his heel and they went after him, the crowd making room for them at first and then streaming behind.

DOWN in the cellar, Tiddy Doll thrust back his box and clattered to his feet as the knocking started on the door. Havoc was leaning towards him, his strange eyes dark with suspicion and nervous exhaustion. Neither of them could do more than stare at each other as the pounding and the voices above continued.

They were still standing there when the street door gave easily under the constable's pressure and the passage became a sounding board for thundering feet as the crowd streamed into it. At the same time, the second door at the top of the stairs swung slowly open before the inrush of air, and every man in the cellar save one sprang to his feet and stared upwards.

A policeman in uniform, two men in regulation raincoats, and a crowd of chattering, jostling members of the general public, stood swaying at the top of the steps.

In the first frozen second Tiddy Doll felt his arms gripped from behind by hands whose strength was a revelation to him. He was moved bodily, as if he had no weight, and was set squarely between Havoc and the newcomers. He was being used as a shield and would be treated as ruthlessly as if he were nothing more. The discovery steadied him as nothing else would have done, and he kept his head and rose to the occasion.

"Ullo?" His voice rang out, clear and belligerent. "What d'you want? We're all at 'ome."

He might have succeeded, got clean away with it. The constable was already muttering an apology, but the band was not made of their leader's metal. As the first moment of stupefaction passed, the line across the farther wall began to heave and waver. The dwarf emitted one of his hysterical tirades and the whole feckless rabble surged forward into the body of the room like a crumbling barricade.

The constable, who was bewildered by the commotion, turned back again. Havoc loosed his hold. He was looking



**"Why not name it simply
Pyronolosterzyndonol—
and let it go at that?"**

towards the grating high up in the far ceiling. As a jump it was impossible, even for a tiger, and the panic of the man reached Doll like a wave of icy air behind him. The albino began to roar at his people, forcing his authority upon them as he had done a thousand times before. His voice was like a sergeant-major's and the brutal strength of his personality tremendous.

"Form up! Line up, can't yer? Because you've overslept there's no need to panic. The grub will still be there. Got your moosic? I can't wait all night. Look alive."

The dwarf scuttled past him, shouting shrilly in his excitement. Doll thrust out an arm and, catching the little man by the back of his clothes, lifted him bodily from the ground and thrust him behind him to Havoc.

"'Ere, you carry 'im acrost your shoulders, mate," he said at the top of his voice. "We'll lose 'im in the smoke if 'e runs be'ind."

The long hands seized him and with a final yelp the little man subsided as he was swung up into his favourite position high above the heads of his persecutors. Doll could have offered his leader no better disguise, for naturally all eyes turned on the dwarf rather than on his steed.

Meanwhile, the man with the cymbals was already on the stairs and Doll strode forward and looked up, his dark glasses peering blankly at the intruders.

"We're just goin' out to have a bit o' breakfast," he announced. "Any objections?"

The constable, who had only remained so long because the pressure of the crowd behind him had made retreat impossible, waved him up without attempting an explanation, and concentrated on clearing a gangway. His helmeted figure retreated slowly and his voice came back to them hollowly.

"Outside, please! You are on enclosed premises. Outside! Hurry along there, hurry along."

ONLY the men in the raincoats did not retreat and presently the thinner of the two put a foot on the first step down. Doll did not like the look of him at all and addressed him from the ground, mistrusting his silence profoundly.

"We're coming up if you don't mind," he shouted warningly. He hoped to get rid of him and to retain possession of the cellar, but once again his own people frustrated him. At his words, the stream pressed round and past him up the stairs. "What d'you want?" he shouted again, and Campion was forced to look at him. As his glance left the line, the dwarf, his head towering above the rest and his little hands clutching the lower part of the face of the man who carried him, swept by among the others and out into the passage.

Doll came hurrying up last of all. This was disaster, and he alone seemed aware of it. He had no time to listen to the intruders. At the first word when he discovered that they were not plain-clothes men, his interest in them

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vanished abruptly. The Gaffer was too far ahead as it was. He could just see the dwarf silhouetted against a murky square of light which was the open doorway to the street. If he lost him now he lost him forever, and everything else besides.

He thrust past Lugg savagely. "I can't 'elp you," he said over his shoulder. "Can't 'elp you at all," and in wild haste he sped out into the fog after the band.

Mr. Lugg recovered his balance with difficulty and turned to his companion, his small black eyes as wide open as Nature would permit.

Mr. Campion asked him: "Did you see the man who carried the dwarf?"

"Bloke in a beret? No, not reely, but it wasn't Mr. Levett. Too tall. What's the big idea?"

"I missed him. The albino meant me to. I wonder why." Campion moved down the line of beds, stripping any suspicious-looking humps among the blankets. He worked with the peculiar thoroughness of one who is afraid of what he may find, but in spite of his care he might have missed the couch in the far corner. The "conference table" and its nest of crates, pale in the shadows, had been left in a disorder which hid the bundle swaddled in its dark blanket, and one box had been thrown on top of it by the resourceful Roly.

Having glanced into the alcove and peered into the recess under the stairs, Campion lifted his head.

"Geoff!" he called aloud on impulse. "Geoff, where are you?"

His voice, characteristic as his horns and pale face, echoed round the vast, dim room still warm with the breath of the company which had fled from it.

The two stood listening and from the open doorway above the clatter of the traffic and the patter of feet on the pavement came floating down to them profitlessly.

Then they heard it. It was not very loud, a stifled snort from the corner. And then, slowly, as the man on the bed heaved himself with an effort which tore his cramped muscles, the box on top of him tipped up, wobbled, and toppled on to the bricks.

THE "Murder in the Fog" story, which had excited Londoners at breakfast, had shocked and startled them by noon when they had digested it. As there was no arrest, the public mood changed swiftly, and by the time the evening papers were on the streets, people were frankly uneasy. For obvious reasons the police had not released Geoffrey's story, and to the ordinary Londoner the affair remained a manhunt for an escaped convict berserk in a city, a wanton knife striking casually and recklessly in the mist. It was very unnerving.

If only the fog had cleared, tempers might have cooled, but now, at the end of the second day, it had become the father of fogs, thicker and dirtier and more exasperating than any in living memory.

For convenience, the Crumb Street Station remained the headquarters of the inquiry, but the police were keeping the Martin Elginbrodde angle dark, and so far no one from the newspapers had discovered the inner story behind the prison escape. Quiet St. Petersburg Square remained deserted.

Inside the rectory, Amanda and Meg were on the rug before the fire in Meg's sitting-room, leaning as close as they dared to the comforting blaze, and Mr. Campion stood beside them, one lean elbow on the mantelpiece. They were not talking as freely as they might have done, because of young Rupert, heir of the Campions, swinging idly on an armchair in the background. He was very much in the way and had been so for over ten minutes, but no one had the heart to send him down to the basement. It was not very far, two flights only, but in the last few hours they had become very long and lonely stairs.

"But even if Geoff could have warned you, you couldn't have caught the man, could you?" Meg had asked Mr. Campion the question before and had forgotten his answer. She looked

very lovely, crouching on the rug, her long legs doubled gracefully under her. "Surely Inspector Luke can see that?"

Mr. Campion smiled at her from behind his spectacles. "The gallant chief inspector is not unnaturally hopping mad," he said lightly. "Geoff managed to call attention to himself, and that was a stout effort in the circumstances, make no mistake about it. He was all in when we got to him, and getting the gag off must have been agonizing, with a night's growth of beard embedded in it. But his only thought was to tell us about Havoc. He didn't quite realize who Havoc was, of course, and by that time they'd faded out into the fog irretrievably." He grinned at her. "I was most relieved. The days when little Albert charged into battle single-handed have gone for good. Havoc is police work, good hefty police work, with medals and promotions at the end of it. Geoff was game, if I wasn't. He was most annoyed to lose them. He has something, your young man. I mind you going out of the family much less than I did."

Meg gave him her quick, sweet smile, but drew back at once into the terrors surrounding her. "I was only wondering. I suppose nothing really serious in the way of injury could have happened to him without our realizing it? They're a long time working on him."

"Lugg is always thorough," put in Amanda promptly. "His corpse-reviving treatment takes time, and with Sam helping"—Sam Drummock, a sporting journalist, was the rectory's lodger, a bluff north countryman who had mellowed with the family—"it may well take more. But they can't be very long now, because Luke's coming."

Her thin, brown hand touched the younger girl's shoulder. "He's all right, pretty. He's all right now."

Meg shot a furtive sidelong glance at her. Her eyes were swimming helplessly. "I'm an idiot," she said apologetically. "It's the relief, of course, reaction and all that, but I thought I'd lost him, and until then I didn't realize quite how much I need him." She shook her long yellow silk hair away from her face and appealed to them openly. "The whole thing seems so utterly insane to me. A man in prison scheming to get someone else to impersonate poor Martin, to prevent me marrying Geoff. And then because it didn't work, breaking out and doing all these frightful things. He's a maniac, I realize that, but that doesn't make it any better. Madness, when you see it, is the most terrible thing in the world."

"I don't think he's mad," said Amanda, and her husband, catching sight of her serious, heart-shaped face, thought that she looked as he had first seen her long ago. She had the same air of frank, childlike wisdom. "He just wants the treasure. That may be wrong, but it's not insane."

"But my dear, there can't be any

THE HUMAN MACHINE Friendly advice

DR. JOHNSON said: "A man must keep his friendships in constant repair." For things die so easily of neglect—even things of the spirit.

True friendship is the wine of life, and like all good wine it needs care and time to reach maturity. Here's a little secret about friendship. You must mix in equal proportions affection, loyalty, unquestioning service and a readiness for self-sacrifice. And then keep the mixture mixed.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"Any time you need a bit of advice, old man, call on me. . . . I know that girl like a book"

treasure." Meg sounded helpless. "Poor little Martin never had any treasure. The family had been wealthy, but they lost it all in the first World War. He told me that before he asked me to marry him. We'd be church mice, he said, until we'd got the war over and he got busy."

"A giant-killer," murmured Mr. Campion. "Sounds like Geoff."

"It does, doesn't it?" She was briefly amused. "But don't you see, this murderer is making a fearful mistake? Martin must have said something to him which he completely misunderstood. He's been brooding on it all these years and now he's raging about the place like a man-eating tiger, killing recklessly and all for nothing. I can't get it out of my mind. I can see Geoff lying there utterly helpless, while if that man had only guessed who he was. . . ." Her pretty voice quavered out of control and Amanda glanced behind her.

RUPERT was not listening. He was engrossed by private worries. That afternoon Mrs. Talisman, the housekeeper, had let slip an alarming piece of information. She had said that it was stated in black and white in the Bible that all the hairs of one's head were numbered. Ever since, he had been consumed with anxiety, wondering if the bald-headed Mr. Magersfontein Lugg knew. If he did not, the discrepancy on his hanging-in papers when he arrived at the Pearly Gates was going to come as a fearful embarrassment to him, if not worse. Poor old Magers! He'd just have to write "None" and explain as best he could. Yet perhaps something could be done. If they could only have a long time together alone, Rupert could break the news gently and they could plan.

He caught his mother looking at him anxiously and smiled at her reassuringly. She would be more worried than he was, even, so he had decided not to tell her. She could come into it if things got desperate.

Meg noticed the exchange and rose impulsively. "Darling, I'm being untidy. I am so sorry. Forgive me. I think I'll go and bang on the door. If Geoff is still retching he'll have to put up with me. After all, that's marriage, isn't it?"

"But not romance," said Mr. Campion, as the door closed behind her. "It's an extraordinary thing how the sins of omission catch up on one, Amanda. In youth my generation feared romance like the devil, and now it sneaks up on me, dangerous with all the charm of the untold. I should like to wrap you and Rupert in cotton wool and send you down to the country tonight. Do you mind?"

Her calm brown eyes flickered up at him. "Frightened?"

"A little. Luke isn't happy. Geoff says Havoc has an outside contact on whom he relies, but he didn't hear anything which could connect the contact with this house."

Amanda frowned. "A contact here? Who?"

Campion shook his head. "God

knows. I can't see it myself. There's no odour of anything but sanctity about this family, and that sort of thing has an unmistakable stink. All the same, 'by the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes.' Let me send you both home, old lady."

"Are you staying?"

"Yes, I think I'll stick around."

Amanda turned to her son. "How about driving down to the country tonight with Lugg?"

"Can we go alone?" His eagerness surprised and hurt them a little. "When can we start?"

His mother returned to her husband. "That settles that. I'll stay with you."

Rupert put an arm round her neck and his hair mingled with hers until there was but one flaming plume. "You can come if you like," he said, "but Magers and I have got to talk, that's all."

She whispered in his ear. "I'd rather stay with the boss."

"Good." He was tremendously relieved. "Could Magers and I go now?"

Mr. Campion looked down at him. One half his life, more than half, four feet tall and as gaily confident as if the world were made of apple pie.

"I don't see why not," he said, "as soon as he comes down from Mr. Levett. Go and get your things. The good-dog-Tray is asleep in the car, I suppose? Say goodbye to Uncle Hubert if he's come in yet. If not, don't bother; he's gone visiting. Be as intelligent as you can on the way home. No trying to frighten Lugg while he's driving."

"No, I won't." The boy was unexpectedly serious. "I must certainly remember that. Goodbye, Daddy." He shook hands gravely, and Amanda went with him to get his coat. His mind was fully occupied. Perhaps there was some stuff Lugg could rub in. Or if the worst came to the worst, there were always wigs. Not undetectable to an archangel perhaps, but surely fair evidence of honest endeavour.

LEFT alone, Mr. Campion felt that the room had grown darker. He sat down by the fire and felt for a cigarette. As he had said, he did not like the situation. Havoc, and Doll, and the three men who had been on the original raid had vanished too completely. The rest were being brought in one after the other. They were pathetic figures, unable to help and frightened to try.

He thought he could comprehend Havoc and he was in no mood to underestimate him. Oates, the assistant commissioner of Scotland Yard, had been right, as he usually was, the old sinner. Havoc was that rarity, a genuinely wicked man. Amanda had spotted it. He was no lunatic, no unfortunate, betrayed by disease or circumstance, but a much more scarce and dangerous beast, the rogue which every herd throws up from time to time.

That last message which Luke had thrust over to him just before they left Crumb Street stuck in his mind, sickening him. A waterman had fished the



ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

COLD, damp, rain, frost, fog — these are the winter dangers that can make your chest wheezy, your throat horribly husky and sore. Guard your throat and bronchial tubes. Defy cold and damp with soothing, warming, scientifically prepared Zubes. They contain Balsam of Tolu to *stop tickling coughs*, Menthol to *ease catarrh*, Ginger and Capsicum to *warm you*, and Peppermint and Aniseed to *soothe your throat and chest*. Take the ills out of this winter's chills — go suck a Zube! 5½d. an oz. loose; and in 8½d. and 1¼d. tins.



Hoarse?
go suck a

ZUBE

Zubes Cough Mixture containing the famous Zubes ingredients, 1/7 and 2/11

6 Famous Washing Powders in Whiteness Test

WASH-DAY TRUTH REVEALED

A SHORT WHILE AGO the May Fair Hotel, London, was the scene of a great wash-day whiteness test.

Over three hundred housewives were invited to judge 6 famous washing powders in a test carried out by the well-known Good Housekeeping Institute.

The women were asked to examine 6 tea-towels, each of which had been washed with a different washing powder. None of them knew which washing powders had been used, and the tea-towels were identified by numbers only. Then the women were invited to pick out the whitest.

It stared them in the face!

One at a time, the housewives filed past a table in the May Fair's Ballroom Foyer, then voted by secret ballot.

What was the result?

305 out of the 326 picked out, as the whitest, the towel that had been washed in Persil!

Good Housekeeping Institute

This great whiteness test was carried out by the world-famous Good Housekeeping Institute, in London.

They took 6 identical new white tea-towels and used them in their kitchens for a week to get them all equally soiled. Care was taken to see that the soiling included tea and fruit stains—which, as housewives know, can be difficult to remove.

They then washed and ironed each towel, using a different washing powder for each. In order to be scrupulously fair, they carefully followed the individual manufacturer's instructions as printed on each packet.

Later, the test took place—with the result you know. 305 out of 326 housewives picked out the towel that had been washed in Persil as the whitest!



Miss Joyce Rutherford, of the Good Housekeeping Institute, who personally supervised the washing of the towels and also refereed the Whiteness Test at the May Fair Hotel.

★ ★ ★



"IT STARED YOU IN THE FACE," said one of the voters, Mrs. Thomas, of London, W.I. "One towel was much whiter than any of the others. It only took me a few seconds to decide."

So that is the real truth about wash-day! Persil washes whiter—you can see it does!

Hidden Bubbles Do It!

And the secret? Persil's millions of tiny oxygen bubbles! No matter how other washing powders are made, they don't have these unique Persil oxygen

OVER 93% OF HOUSEWIVES "SPOT THE WINNER!"



305 OUT OF 326 WOMEN. Good Housekeeping's great whiteness test on washing powders was held at the May Fair Hotel, London. 305 out of 326 housewives picked out the Persil-washed towel as the whitest!

bubbles. They shift the dirt out as nothing else can. Persil-washed things are white because they're clean.

So Persil wins every time!

Why Persil is best for ALL your wash

Like buttons and bows or frills and flounces, Persil and whiteness go together.

Perhaps that's why some people

don't realize what a wonderful job Persil can do with ALL the wash—not only the whites.

See how much brighter, fresher and gayer your coloureds and fine things are—how soft your woollens—after you've washed them in gentle Persil suds that ease out the dirt.

Yes, Persil is kind to ALL your wash—and to your hands! You can feel it is!



YOU CAN SEE IT DOES!

PERSIL

washes whiter!

dwarf out of the shrouded Thames just before dusk. He was too late to save his life, but the little man's jaw had been broken before he was put in the water, so he could have told them nothing had he lived, for there was no evidence that he could write.

Mr. Campion's thoughts were interrupted by the sudden arrival of Geoffrey Levett. The message had restored him remarkably, although he still bore traces of his experience. But all the same, his general appearance verged on the bizarre, for he was naked save for a sporting dressing-gown loaned by Sam. This garment was a trifle short for him but made up for any deficiency with as fine an array of coloured horses' heads, racing plates and fox masks, as Campion had ever seen.

"So there you are," Geoffrey said with relief. "Look, this is the damndest thing. What do you know about this? I don't see why anyone should see it but you, so you'll have to back me if the inspector gets querulous." His eyes were hard and dark and his hand shook a little as he drew two folded sheets from the pocket of his robe and held them out. "Look, a letter from Martin Elginbrodde."

Campion sat up. "Really? That is extraordinary! Where did you get it?"

"Sam. Can you believe it?" Geoffrey was looking at him with open appeal. "He's had it all the time. He says he intended to slip it to me after the ceremony, as he promised Elginbrodde he would, but Meg said something to him on the phone this afternoon which gave him a clue, so he got busy and unearthed it. He's had it hidden behind the overmantel in his sitting-room. It slid down there and he knew it was safe and so he left it."

He laughed abruptly and sat down on the opposite side of the hearth.

"I might have guessed," he said. "He was the obvious person, or at least I think so. He's the chap I should have given it to. Read it, Campion. This is the thing Havoc is looking for. He was quite right. There are a couple of notes enclosed for me to take to the local authorities, just as he said there would be."

CAMPION began to read. It was addressed to Blank Blank, Esquire, and marked "Personal." The writing was small and masculine, the hand of a doer rather than a writer, and the style hit him squarely, its naive and vigorous sincerity leaping out at him like a personality.

"Visitors' Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

February 4, '45.

"Dear Sir,

"I fear I cannot call you anything else, but I hope you will realize that I do not mean to be as formal as this address would indicate. I feel very kindly disposed to you. If you get this at all, I shall be out of the picture, where, if you understand me, I hope to God I stay. Meg is such a thoroughly splendid person that she deserves a real life with a man who is batty about her. I know you will be [erased] are, otherwise she would never have married you. Please understand that I realize that my intrusion into your life at this point is rather 'much,' to put it mildly, but there is something you have got to do.

"In the old ice-house of the garden of the house at Ste. Odile-sur-Mer (Meg will know the place; I cannot leave it to her because it is not mine, but the contents will be and that I have left her) there is the Ste. Odile Treasure. It is for Meg to do as she likes with so long as she sees it is kept safe. America would not be a bad place for it as things seem to be turning out. If you are poor, make her sell it, of course. Anyone who paid a lot for it would naturally keep it safe. Safety is all that matters. If I go, and I shall have gone, of course, if you get this, our Ste. Odile lot will have ended and someone else must take over.

"I am landing you with the job because I am conceited enough to believe that you will be the same sort of chap that I am, and will make no bones about it but will just go and get it the

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



instant the thing seems at all possible.

"The Treasure is portable, but it will need great care. I will put where it actually is in the ice-house on a separate piece of paper. Be very careful how you break in.

"Of course I appreciate that all this may be a waste of time. It may be looted already or it may get a direct hit. If so, forget it; it can't be helped. "But in that case please do not tell Meg at all. I have never told her anything about it, for this reason. After all, if she cannot help she will only worry, and I feel she has worried enough.

"Give Meg my love but do not tell her it is mine. Good luck, you lucky old blighter, and I mean that.

"Yours very truly,
Martin Elginbrodde, Major."

Mr. Campion sat staring at the signature for some seconds before he turned back to read the message once more. The room was quite quiet. Geoffrey was looking into the fire. When he had completed the second reading, Campion handed the letter back. His pale face was blank and his eyes shadowed behind his spectacles. Geoffrey took it and exchanged it for a third sheet.

"This was the enclosure. You'd better see it."

As Campion read the single line written neatly across it, his brows rose.

"Odd," he murmured, "but quite clear. Yes, I see. What are you going to do now?"

Levett crushed the flimsy sheets into three tight balls and threw them one after the other on to the red coals. Little blue flames leapt out to devour them. As they turned from black to white, he spoke.

"Now we nip over and get it right away, just as he asks." He was his familiar self again, brisk, purposeful, and capable as they come. "There's no point in hanging about. That's asking for trouble. We'll settle it with the police and we'll all four go, you and Amanda, me and Meg. We'll drive to Southampton tonight, fog or no fog, and catch the first boat to St. Malo, taking the car with us for the trip down the coast. I feel that if Meg is right away from here it will be safer for everybody, and the job ought to be done, so let's go and do it."

The more Mr. Campion considered the proposal the more he liked it. He had told Amanda the truth when he had said that he felt that Havoc was "police work." There was no mystery surrounding his guilt. He was something to be trapped and killed, and Campion was no great man for blood sports.

As for the girls, Geoffrey was right. The farther they were from the scene of action, the better. He glanced at his watch.

"Luke is due now," he remarked. "Get your clothes on and we'll tackle

him. If I know him, he'll be fascinated. What exactly are you expecting to find, by the way?"

"I haven't the faintest idea." Geoffrey stood up, looking solid and splendid, like the man who supports the human pyramid at the circus. "Anything. It's fragile and bulky, that's all anyone knows. A crystal candelabra, perhaps, or a tea service even. Something they thought a lot of when Elginbrodde was a kid. Families do have the most extraordinary treasure. I shall be quite prepared for a bust of Minerva or a set of fire-irons, and in the circumstances I'd risk my life to get them for Meg. Well, I'm off to get dressed. See you in five minutes."

His gaudy coat tails vanished through the doorway, and Campion was left smiling. Geoffrey "would do," he decided. He had liked the remark about the fire-irons and had no doubt that the young man had meant what he had said. All the same, a moment or so later he was frowning in a fruitless effort to remember. Ever since he had first heard the story that afternoon, he had been delving in the vast ragbag of miscellaneous information for which he was so justly renowned, trying to find something he had forgotten. Somewhere, at some time, in an old guide-book, perhaps, or among the reminiscences of the fabulous *grandes dames* who had infested his childhood, he had heard tell of the Ste. Odile Treasure before.

AN unnatural peace had settled over the house when, late that night, Luke sat in the study with Canon Avril. The two private cars had left some time before. Rupert and Lugg, with the dog snoring between them, were making their way towards the sanctuary of Suffolk lanes, while the four treasure seekers groped through the fog in the other direction in an attempt to catch the first St. Malo boat out from Southampton.

The rectory was quiet without them, although it was by no means empty. Sergeant Picot lolled on a hard chair in the front hall, while in the basement two of his men made half-hourly rounds. Under the roof, Sam was still working on the article which must be on his editor's desk by morning. The Talismans—the caretakers—and their granddaughter, Emily, were asleep in the two little rooms beyond the kitchen, and, in Meg's elegant bedroom, Miss Warburton, who had been induced to leave her lonely neighbouring cottage for the night, brushed out her limp hair before the looking-glass.

In the study, where it was warm and the air was blue with tobacco smoke, the coal fire ticked softly as the white ash fell and was audible in the silence. Luke was at the desk. The canon had insisted on him taking it because the little bits of paper on which he seemed to keep his notes worried him. Avril lost notes himself, often in the pulpit, and he had a very lively appreciation

of the nuisance they could become. The chief inspector appreciated his motive, because he was setting himself out to understand every minute detail of the man.

As Campion had recognized when he first met him, Charlie Luke was destined to become one of the great policemen. He possessed the one paramount quality which appears in all the giants of his profession, quite apart from any other merit which they may display. He had that utter persistence which only derives from an almost unnatural interest. The man was a living question-mark and he hunted his quarry with the passionate patience of a devotee hunting salvation. After thirty-six sleepless hours, his red-rimmed eyes were bright as a bird's.

Sergeant Picot and his men had been working on the St. Petersgate Square angle all day and they had gleaned only a little. Luke had digested the scraps they had given him and now he was working on them. He had been talking to the canon about Jack Havoc for a long time, expending the precious minutes deliberately, putting everything he had into the job, feeling his way, watching like a cat, letting his intuition stretch out beyond where the mind could take it.

"Usually, you see, sir, we know these lads like brothers. Havoc is an exception. We know nothing of his life before his first conviction in 1934. He was sixteen then, or so he says, and that seems to be all they ever got out of him. It's not his real name, of course."

"No?" The old man did not appear surprised, merely interested.

LUKE looked at him sharply. "It doesn't sound right to me. Does it to you? It's too suitable. I should say he invented that, as a boy might, trying to sound big. We seem to have accepted it. I suppose we had to. Anyhow, it was as Jack Havoc that he went to Borstal, and as Havoc, J., he's on the C.R.O. files. He said he came from nowhere, no one came forward to claim him, and from our point of view his life started then."

As Avril did not speak, he spread out his hands to him.

"All I know about him is what I've been able to get from the records. No one has had him on their short list for five years, because he's been safely in jail, and for some time before that he'd vanished, presumably into the Army. I've come to him fresh, and the outstanding thing about him from my point of view is that, according to listed information, he's been able to disappear twice before in his life just as he has now."

The canon nodded his tousled grey head. "I see," he said, as if he was reluctantly convinced. "You feel that he must have friends among the people the police do not—walk hand in left hand with. I understand."

"It's so obvious, isn't it?" Weariness was uncovering the chief inspector's vital force and the words came pumping out of him, bright and alive, like blood from an artery. "Where did he get the suit he's wearing? Mr. Levett says it looked as if it was made for him. Well, where did Havoc get it so quickly? Who had it laid out for him? Who was waiting for him to make his getaway?" He waited, himself, his head on one side. "It's significant," he went on at last, "because the only person known to have been in communication with him while he's been in prison is an old woman in Brixton who keeps a lodging-house he once stayed in. She's well-known to us, and the instant we heard of his escape we got on to her, but he didn't show up there, and she and her contacts have been watched ever since. It wasn't she. Who was it?"

Avril sighed. "Sixteen years old, and no one came forward to claim him," he said slowly. "How very terrible that must have been."

His quiet tone had not altered, but pain was conveyed so poignantly that Luke was jerked off his course.

"Very likely, sir," he agreed bitterly, "but he doesn't sound my idea of a lovable kid. He and two other boys

Doleful dressmaker turns into a sewing-machine



Madame Suzie is the "little woman round the corner." But from her face you'd think she was pretty tired of the seamy side of life. "Eh bien," I buttonholed her, "how are the buttons and bows?"

"Alas," sighed Madame. "Life renders itself insupportable. I am ver' busy, oui, but, also, I am très constipée. Oh that I hate sewing nowadays—I never want to do any pleating or piping again."

"Ten yards of piping can cause a lot of trouble," I said.

"Pardon?" asked Madame.

"Lister," I said. "This length of piping is inside your petite Mary, and everything you eat has to go through it. The trouble is that the muscles which move the food along can't get a grip on the soft, starchy foods we eat nowadays—and they don't work properly."

"Mercy me," said Madame, "what happens then?"

"Binding and gathering," I said. "Your system gets hemmed in, and constipation leaves you feeling cut on the cross. But," I said, "a

little bulk will soon, but you right."

"What ees this bulk?" asked Madame.

"All-Bran for breakfast everyday," I said. "That's the way to give those muscles the bulk they need. All-Bran'll soon make you 'regular.' Will you try it?"

"But yes!" said Madame.

"But do," I said. And, obviously, she did. When I saw her next, she looked capable of cutting out all her rivals. "Ooh-la-la!" I said. "You're looking magnifique!"

"And, also, I feel it," trilled Madame. "The All-Bran made me 'regular' in a week—it's done wonders for me."

"Naturellement," I said.

WHY ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

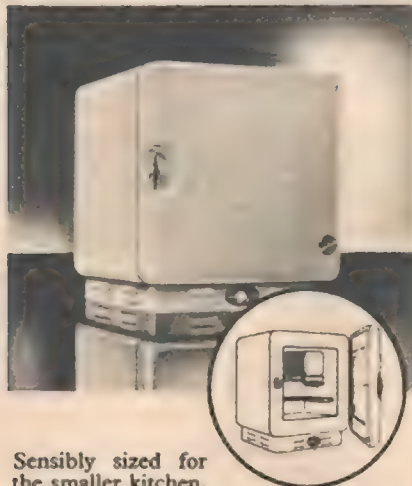
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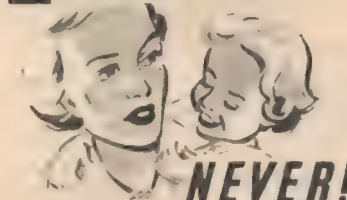
The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B vitamins. You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way.

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stole a laundry van, ran over a postman, maimed him for life, and pinched his bag, leaving him in the road. Then they smashed up the vehicle while fighting over the mail. One young brute was killed outright, the second was seriously hurt, and Havoc was arrested trying to run away. At the inquiry it was found that the injured youngster had met Havoc for the first time that afternoon, and the parents of the dead boy couldn't identify him either. All marks had been picked out of his clothes, mind you, so he knew what he was doing. That was in May, thirty-four, in Ilford."

He finished the recital with a certain amount of savage satisfaction, and regarded the old man hopefully.

Avril said nothing. His chin had sunk on his chest, and his eyes stared unseeing at the polished wood of the desk pedestal.

Luke felt sure that the story was news to him, but he could not tell what effect it had had. He went on very cautiously.

"Mrs. Cash," he said, "the woman who lends money. We had great hopes of her, you know."

"Ah. The sports coat. I thought you might. Where did that lead you?" Avril's direct intelligence was comforting.

"Not very far," Luke admitted. "Her story, when Picot got her alone, was that a dealer asked her to get it for him, and that was confirmed by the man. He says that Duds came into his shop in Crumb Street and asked him if he could get him an old coat or suit of Martin Elginbrodde's, and he mentioned this address. He explained that he was an actor and that he was due to give an impersonation of his old officer at a reunion dinner. The dealer saw no harm in it and he knew that Mrs. Cash, who did little bits of business of the kind, lived in this square, so he got in touch with her. He sticks to that. We can't shake him."

Old Avril nodded. "Ingenious," he said unexpectedly. "Mrs. Cash is not involved."

CHARLIE LUKE eyed him curiously. "I understand you've known her for a long time, sir. She told Picot it was over twenty-five years."

"Twenty-six," the canon agreed. "My wife persuaded me to let her live in that little cottage twenty-six years ago, the Michaelmas quarter."

"And she was a widow then, with one child, a little boy. Is that right?"

Luke, who was not usually so self-conscious, hoped he was not sounding heavily significant.

"Perfectly. Did she tell you that?" "No. That came from your Mrs. Talisman. We haven't worried Mrs. Cash since last night. She made a very full statement to Picot and let him see over the house, which she needn't have done. Since then we've merely kept an eye on the place, as we have the whole square. Not too easy, this weather. She hasn't been out today."

"So she told me. She seems to have a cold."

Luke sat up. "Was that when you called on her this afternoon?" He was annoyed. He had been saving that, and the old man had forestalled him. Avril seemed mildly surprised by his tone.

"Of course," he said. "That was the only time I saw her."

"Do you mind telling me why you called?"

"No. I asked her if she could possibly come and hunt for the minutes of the last meeting of the Diocesan Education Committee. She couldn't. She said she had a cold."

Luke sat looking at him blankly. He found that the only certain thing he knew about the man was that he would not lie. Of that one fact he had no doubt in the world.

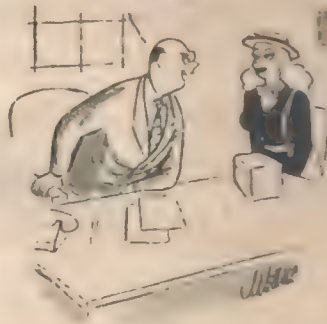
"I see," he said at last. "I hadn't thought of that. . . . So Mrs. Cash has a cold, has she? Did you notice if she looked ill?"

"I'm afraid I did not. It was dark in the doorway."

"I know. And you didn't stay a minute. I heard that." Luke brushed the incident aside and returned to the heart of the business. "This son of



"The type of person I have in mind for this position should have unlimited abilities, take shorthand and type rapidly, possess keen imagination, initiative, sense of responsibility, and also a complete knowledge of all office machines, book-keeping, filing . . ."



"Can you type?"

hers," he began without looking up. "Do you happen to remember, sir, exactly when he died?"

Avril hesitated. "Not the year," he said at last, "but it was just after Epiphany—that's early January. I was in bed with influenza, and the Memorial Service was delayed."

"That's what they told me," Luke sounded dubious. "Mrs. Talisman says it was in January, thirty-five. The boy was then fourteen or fifteen, but well grown." Now that he was about to test the one and only theory which had occurred to him as being even faintly tenable, its flimsiness dismayed him, but he went on resolutely. "My information is that the child died down in the country, where he had been for some time, and his body was brought to his mother's house for a night on its way to the cemetery up at Wilsford. You were in bed, but your wife, the late Mrs. Avril, went in to see the mother for you. Now, sir, this is the only question I have to ask you. Mrs. Talisman is certain that when Mrs. Avril returned, she mentioned that she had seen the boy's body. Do you happen to remember that?"

Avril raised his fine head. "Yes," he said. "My poor Margaret." His face changed only for an instant. The grief upon it appeared and passed like the shadow of a leaf in the wind, but its intensity was so great that Luke was taken aback.

Dark colour appeared on his cheekbones, and he cursed himself for trying to make bricks without straw. He had no wish to torment his new friend, whose regret for his dead wife was clearly quite terrible. He shelved his "substitution of the child" theory completely. It had been a forlorn hope from the beginning. It had come to him when Picot had been telling him that Mrs. Cash was hard. A self-centred widow, making money in a shady way under cover of respectability, might have preferred to let her neighbours believe her son dead, rather than to allow him to become a permanent danger to her, and this more especially if she was then free to do what she could for him secretly.

It had been the dates which had interested him most. In May, a boy went to Borstal, and about the same time another boy had been "sent away

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated March 22, and in JOHN BULL, dated March 29), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Address	
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No. (No reader may submit more than one <i>Bullet</i> Free)	

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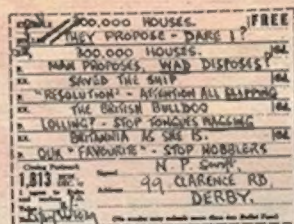
With my *Bullets* for Contest No. 1,823 I enclose P.O. 1s. No. for 6 weeks' (A) *Bulletin* NEW Reservation—first copy dated March 15. (B) Extension of present *Bulletin* supply. (Delete whichever does not apply.)

Please register me for one share of the £250 Tournament Bonus if I win a cash prize in *Bullets* No. 1,823

NAME

ADDRESS

636



Watching a picture show at *Bullets* New Year Party, here is reader N. P. Swift (third from left); his £50 *Bullet*, entered FREE, is seen on coupon

"Bullets" Winners 1,818

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus TV or Refrigerator: Mrs. V. A. Dangerfield, 93 Halford Road, Ickenham, Uxbridge:

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues

1. Cross-country runners shouldn't have to force their way through
5. Some people will think of one as fly
7. One sometimes opens with the sound of an explosion
9. Amateur dramatic society must to some extent consider this when choosing play for production
13. Many an old book may be considered this
14. One end of a cigarette is commonly this

Down Clues

2. Used to bring tears to the eyes more often in the old days
3. You're not likely to see many in any shop window
4. They are as old as the hills
6. After a man's bout of drunkenness, he may make this
7. In about nine cases out of ten, those who do this end by being out
8. He's a brave man who criticizes the way his wife's hat is
10. Farmer's may be cut rather shorter than he likes
11. Film producer often uses them to intensify a dramatic situation
12. Kind of this is bound to affect your opinion of board

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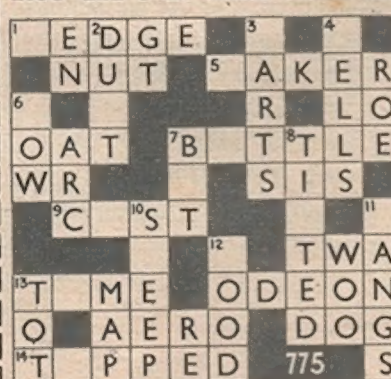
XWORD 770 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Gamps. 2. Ford. 3. Chime. 4. Buy. 8. Coal. 12. Draper. 13. Van. DOWN: 1. Good. 2. Filed. 3. Odd. 6. Boors or Boots. 7. Sale. 9. Food. 10. Fear. 11. Seen.

100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: E. Webb, 23 South Parade, Southsea.

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£100 and 5 lb. FOWL Prizes for this XWORD



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright 775 Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 3

I enclose P.O. value No.

Signed

Address

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.). Square with one extra Answer to three Clues will represent eight full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of Crossword *Gazette* dated March 15.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

to the country because he was difficult," and in January he had died. However, if Mrs. Avril had actually seen the dead child, then that was the end of it.

He took up the card of official photographs of the wanted man, which lay before him on the desk. They were not good. Mrs. Talisman had not picked them out of a bunch of others, and Picot had not blamed her. The face was wooden and lifeless.

Luke pushed the card across to Avril. "That's the bird we're after, sir."

"And when he is taken, what will they do with him?" For the first time, rebelliousness had crept into the curl of the old man's mouth, and his tone possessed a hint of bitterness. "Argue over him, lock him up for three weeks, and finally hang him, I suppose, poor fellow."

"That man," Luke exploded, "has killed a doctor who was trying to help him, a snivelling caretaker old enough to be his father, an invalid woman in her bed, and a boy I'd give my right hand to have here with me on the job. I nipped in to see his mother today, and I couldn't look the old girl in the face." He was so angry that he came within an ace of tears, but he kept control of his great rackety machine and managed to be impressive in his forcefulness. "That man is killing-mad," he rattled on savagely. "He's knifing right and left as though human life had no value and any poor beast who gets in his way had no right to exist. And what's he thinking of? Nothing but a parcel of buried treasure out of a story-book, which may well turn out to be nothing more exciting than a bottle of gin. He's got no right to life. There's no place for him under the sun. Of course they'll hang him."

It was some time before the old man answered and his delightful smile broke the spell.

"Mine is a very technical job," he said apologetically. "I don't see that there's anything I can tell you that would be of any great use to you, except perhaps this, if you'll forgive a great impertinence. I should not dream of mentioning it in the ordinary way, but it comes within my province, and since you may have overlooked it, it might be helpful just now. Beware of anger. It is the most difficult to remove of all the hindrances. But it is the alcohol of the body, you know, and the devil of it is that it deadens the perceptions."

He spoke so earnestly and with such obvious goodwill that it was impossible to be offended, and Luke, who had expected almost anything else on earth, was startled out of his wits.

Avril got up. "You ought to have something to eat before you go," he said. "There must be something in the pantry. Let us go down and see."

Luke refused with genuine regret. It was not merely that he was hungry. He liked Avril and would have been delighted to go on being surprised by him. But there was a night's work waiting for him at Crumb Street. Presently he strode away through the fog, still not quite sure what warning had been intended in that last unlikely phrase.

He did not think that his perceptions were deadened and he could not imagine where he might have been misled, but he was always ready to admit that he might have overlooked something important. The fact that he had done so was not his fault. No one had thought to tell him that the canon never used the word "poor" to describe a man or woman merely because they were no longer alive. That habit in one of his profession would have struck the canon as denoting either illogicality or gratuitous rudeness.

All his household knew this so well that it had not occurred to the old man to explain it to Luke. When Uncle Hubert spoke of a fellow human being as poor, he meant to convey that either by accident or intention they had done something wrong.

To be continued next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Joe Davis when a boy.

THE NAKED ISLAND

Continued from page 10

was the check parade (*tenko*, the Japanese called it). Then followed the morning meal—a few dollops of greyish clay—and after that the parade to the so-called "Hospital" of those who were optimistic enough to think that by parading they might get medical attention. Admittedly, for this purpose, there was a medical officer. But he had no drugs, no dressings, only a few pairs of forceps and an old stethoscope. He had to cure gangrenous wounds, amoebic and bacillary dysentery, incipient avitaminosis, malaria, dengue and, soon, scabies. In those early days there seemed to be nothing that he could do—but one still paraded, if only for the cold comfort of hearing him say so.

As a result of my jungle march in bare feet—my boots had been taken from me—I was a regular attendant on these parades. My feet had deep holes in them, mainly on the top, where they had been stamped on by the Japs, and these holes joined in evil-looking tunnels under the sinews and tendons that lead to the toes. The doctor declared that these burrows must be kept clean. Since they were at the time full of black mud and rotten flesh, this proposition did not appeal to me in the least.

Chased Round Cell

I lacked the moral courage, however, to say so, and consequently was attacked each morning by a medical orderly. Brandishing one of the pairs of forceps and a swab of canvas, he would pursue me round and round the small, concrete cell until I was cornered.

Then he would thrust his beastly instrument in and out of the tortuous tunnels in my foot. The holes gave no indication of healing, but, on the other hand, they became no deeper—and with this the doctor seemed well pleased. Hundreds of other men went through agonies a thousand times worse in silence as their more serious wounds were dealt with.

Against this background we came down to check parade one morning and there, on the wall of the jail, hung a large banner on which was printed in English a statement to the effect that Singapore had unconditionally surrendered to the Imperial Japanese Army. This we did not for one second believe.

But when, two days later, all the tanks we had heard rolling down past the jail, and all the soldiers who had sung their victory song as they marched through the city—when all these were heard heading past us again, but this time north towards Burma, then we knew that it was true.

The appalling fact was accepted in the usual British fashion—there were a few moments of sick silence, then everyone began assessing where the British would counter-attack and when the eventual victory would be won.

The Optimists

It is encouraging to recollect that, from that day forward, life was divided into six-monthly periods during each of which all one's companions cheerfully disregarded the facts and looked forward confidently to Allied landings, a German collapse, the destruction of Tokyo and the end of the war.

Though the world resounded to the thunder of the Japanese race through the Pacific islands, Rommel's march on Suez and the Nazi destruction of Russia, the British prisoners of the Japanese—like their folk at home—remained so obdurately optimistic and so temperamentally resilient that they could blandly disregard all this gloom and at any given moment announce: "Well, I reckon the war will have had it in six months!"

And at the conclusion of that period they experienced no difficulty at all in forgetting that they had ever said anything so silly and in stating—quite categorically—that before the next six months were up, it would all be over! Intellectual irresponsibility, of course—but heartening. They're nice people to be in jail with, the British.

NEXT WEEK: The Japs try to break us—and a defiant padre fights back

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